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TOGETHER WITH THE
CHARMING COLOURED PICTURE,
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PRESS OPINION.

The *Daily Telegraph* of Nov. 16 says:—

"The special issue of *The Penny Illustrated Paper* is out early this season, and in an enlarged and improved form. It is rather rich this time in its literary contributions, including a burlesque romance by G. R. Sims, and stories by Archibald Forbes, Howard Paul, George Manville Fenn, Richard Henry, and several other writers. Mr. John Latey jun., the editor, writes a romantic and dramatic tale, entitled 'Little Sunbeam's Secret Marriage.' Among the artistic contributors are Maurice Greiffenhagen, F. Barnard, Harry Furniss, Hal Ludlow, and others. The presentation coloured plate is by Mr. C. Burton Barber, and is called 'How Like Grandma!'—the droll exclamation being that of a little girl who has tried the effect of grandma's cap on the head of her pet doggie, mounted on grandma's chair. Altogether the number is a good one."

PERSONAL POLITICS

Lord Rosebery as Liberal Leader.

THE talk now is all of Lord Rosebery as the new Liberal Leader—that is to say, the leader

LORD ROSEBERY.

after Mr. Gladstone's death. Mr. Gladstone himself has designated him for the post, and there is one great reason why he is likely to get it—viz. that the rivalry between Mr. Morley and Sir William Harcourt in the House of Commons is likely to prevent either of those two gentlemen assuming an undivided sway. Moreover, Lord Rosebery has made great advances since he took the Chairmanship of the County Council. Both sides admit that he has done his work well, and that it has given him a practical insight into the working of democratic institutions, which is necessary for any man who now-a-days aspires to party leadership. Moreover, he is a very shrewd, very able, and very rich man, a very good speaker, and a great power in the City. One difficulty, however, there is, and on the way it is resolved may depend Lord Rosebery's future in politics. He is a close friend of the Bismarcks, and a strong adherent of the Triple Alliance. Now the present bent of Liberal opinion, as shown by Mr. Gladstone's article in the *Contemporary*, is towards closer relations with France, and against any cementing of the more or less loose bonds of attachment which have subsisted between Germany and England during Lord Rosebery's and Lord Salisbury's tenure of the Foreign Office. The question is whether things will shape themselves so that, if the Liberal Party comes into power within the next few years, Lord Rosebery may be the principal figure in its Cabinet, and his differences on the foreign-policy question be settled. The chances are that they will. I am astonished to find the number of people who have made up their minds that the beardless, youthful-looking man with the dark piercing eyes and quiet manners is to be Gladstone's successor. But so it is.

The Radical Sage.

I happened the other day to call on Mr. Labouchere and have a long talk with him. I think I have referred to him before, but he is a man with many sides to his character and personality, and will bear a second note. In one way, indeed, the keynote to "Labby" is simple enough. He is a cynic—a kindly, good-tempered, very liberal-minded cynic. He is not an enthusiast, and he does not pretend to be. He would tell you that he knew the world too well for that. But he is a democrat—an anti-Socialist, but still strong on the lines of large administrative and constitutional changes. An aristocrat himself by birth and training, knowing all phases of life among the Upper Ten—their vices, their virtues, their weaknesses, their secrets, as perhaps no man outside of Scotland Yard knows them—he believes that the system of aristocratic government should be utterly uprooted. With that view he is quite ready to abolish the House of Lords, and a good many other things—or, as he puts it, to clear the whole pack out of the country. But in many other respects he is rather Conservative. He would like to give everybody a chance, and then have done with it. He wants to see democracy get its chance, instead of a system of government by patronage.

"Labby's" Talk.

"Labby" is a delightful talker, only there are two conditions to be observed: you ought to smoke cigarettes, and you must not get up on stilts. Thus Mr. Labouchere, in a dressing-gown and with the inevitable curl of blue smoke round his lips, will show you how delightfully a man of the world who has watched men and things closely for the last thirty years can talk. It is all easy, natural, good-natured—a good deal of it Mephistophelian enough, but never cruel. "Labby" is the very embodiment of charity—not, indeed, the charity that thinketh no evil, but the charity that makes the best of poor mortality's shortcomings. Every now and then the eyes—they are very fine brown eyes when you see them close and they are wide open—sparkle, and there is a delightful little epigram. "I was saying to a politician to-day," said Mr. Labouchere, "'A——, you believe in neither God nor the Devil. That is a mistake. My plan is to learn a little from both.'" In the course of an hour's talk a dozen good things like this will be said, with that placid air of enjoyment of an excellent jest which makes it so much the more enjoyable. I don't think he is a great political leader, but he is a very clever man of affairs, who would be valuable to any party, and who is likely to play an important rôle in Radical politics for the next few years. He has lately left his old quarters in Grosvenor-place, and taken a large and very fine house opposite the House of Lords. He has a fine political library.

The New Irish Lord Chief Justice.

What a row there will be in Ireland over the new legal appointment! Mr. Peter O'Brien is to be Lord Chief Justice Morris's successor. There is nothing irregular in the promotion of the Attorney-General to the Chief Justiceship. The noise will be over the promotion of the man who is ordinarily known in Nationalist circles as "Pether the Packer"—a name, by the way, which he owes to his namesake, William O'Brien. Now, Mr. O'Brien is the executant of a system of conducting trials which is very unpopular in Ireland. To a certain extent he is the nominal executant, for the Crown Solicitors do the work of selecting and refining the jury panel. Still, he stands at the head of the system, and has the reputation of having worked it with peculiar energy. I saw "Peter" in Ireland, and he is certainly a typical figure of his class. A good-natured cynic, with an Irish love of a joke, a gift of the "blarney," and a good-looking florid face—with a lawyer's watchful eye—that is Mr. Peter O'Brien. No one pretends that he is a great lawyer, but he is a shrewd, clever, and taking advocate, and is in the habit of winning his cases. But none of these qualities will in the least degree reconcile the Irish Party to his appointment, and I prophesy, from what I know of the feeling, that it will raise such a storm as has seldom raged even over that most hotly debated subject judicial appointments in Ireland.

Mr. Bennett Burleigh.

I see my friend Mr. Burleigh has been distinguishing himself in a successful crusade against rookeries in Shoreditch. Mr. Burleigh, if I may be pardoned a very feeble pun, is Burleigh by name and by nature as well. He is really the typical war correspondent. So is Archibald Forbes. If you saw either of the men walking down the streets you would say at once, by inspiration and instinct, "Now that man is a war correspondent." Mr. Burleigh has had an adventurous career. He fought in the American Civil War, was captured, had any number of hairbreadth escapes, including a wonderful midnight swim under the nose of hostile boats and sentries, and made, perhaps, his most decided mark at the Tel-el-Kebir campaign, when, as correspondent for the "Central News," he got home the first telegram announcing the victory. It was really a marvel of quick riding and quick writing. Mr. Burleigh is now a permanency on the *D.T.*, is its Lobby correspondent and general "special." He is, or was, a Unionist, has Socialist leanings, and is an advanced Democrat. He has a frank, rather abrupt, manner, is a very good-hearted fellow, and gets plenty of good copy for the *D.T.*, which knows a good man when it has got him. He stood at the last election as Unionist candidate for one of the divisions of Glasgow—I believe at the direct instance of Mr. Chamberlain.

The Scandals.

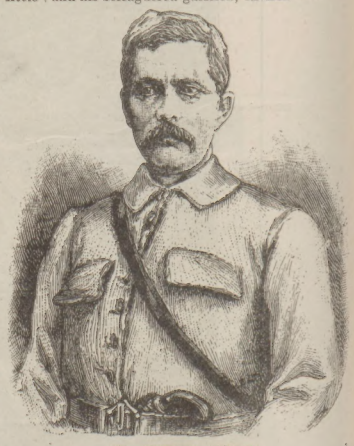
One dark topic overhangs every other this week, and for many weeks past. I don't intend to allude to the scandals beyond saying this, that among all the men one meets in clubs, at dinner-tables, in newspaper rooms, there is but one opinion—that after so much has been said the rest must come out. At all events, I know that the matter will be pressed in Parliament in the most remorseless way. Mr. Jennings, the Conservative member for Stockport, and a very able man, is strongly for full investigation, and Mr. Labouchere is quite as determined the same way. The adjournment of the House will be moved, and Mr. Matthews will be asked to state the dates on which certain warrants were issued, the names contained in them, and the dates at which the information on which they were based was put in. I happen to know that the matter has already been brought before Lord Salisbury.

THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

FACTS AND FACES.

Mr. Henry M. Stanley.

STANLEY is the hero of the hour. His name is on every lip. The virtual triumphant completion of his herculean task, the succour of Emin Pasha and his beleaguered garrison, environed by fierce



MR. HENRY M. STANLEY.

Mahdists of the Soudan in Equatorial Africa, and the intelligence of the intrepid explorer's safety a very few months ago, form the most welcome news we have had for many a long day. What a career to inspire the youth of Britain with hope and courage is that of Henry M. Stanley! The poorest lad may pluck up heart in learning how gallantly Mr. Stanley has fought the battle of life. So far from being born with a silver spoon in his mouth, Stanley spent his earliest days in a workhouse. He is Welsh by birth, Denbigh had the honour of being his birthplace. He first saw the light in 1841, and passed his childhood in the Union of St. Asaph. He is now a king among men. Sailing as a cabin-boy to New Orleans, young Stanley got there the good fortune to be adopted by the Mr. Stanley whose name he assumed. But the death of his benefactor soon made him shift for himself. Stanley was a fearless reporter on the staff of the *New York Herald* during the American Civil War (a pictorial chronicle of which first made the reputation of *The Penny Illustrated Paper* as the People's Paper). As the London Edition of the *New York Herald* reminds us this week, Mr. Stanley served that great American daily so well during the Abyssinian campaign that Mr. James Gordon Bennett hit upon this brave War correspondent as the very man to seek out Livingstone in the heart of Africa. How Stanley found that distinguished missionary in 1871, and won the applause of the civilised world; how he told the story of the Ashantee campaign in 1874 as representative of the same journal; how he successfully traversed the "Dark Continent" as Commissioner of the *Daily Telegraph* and *New York Herald* in 1876-7, and literally fought his way down a portion of the Congo River; how he, two years later, established the International African Association's headquarters on the banks of the same vast African river, acting on behalf of the King of the Belgians, and remaining for

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some years practically monarch of the Congo Free State, will be fresh in the memory of all my readers. Well do I remember the hearty god-speed a representative body of London journalists gave to Stanley, grace to the hospitality of Sir Reginald Hanson, at the Mansion House in the January of 1871. 'T was almost the eve of his departure on his plucky mission to relieve Emin Pasha. All of us who shook hands with the great little traveller, with iron-grey hair, so cool, calm, and modest in demeanour, felt the utmost confidence in his ability to reach the environed Emin Pasha if it was humanly possible. One and all of us rejoice that Mr. Stanley has achieved his great purpose in his usual dauntless manner, and bids fair soon to be home again.

Emin Pasha

shares the glory with Stanley, in whose company he is journeying to the East Coast of Africa. Loth as he seemed to be to forsake his Central African pitch, Emin Pasha will assuredly be glad enough to experience the civilisation and comfort of Europe. His real name is Eduard Schnitzer. He was born the year before Stanley (i.e. 1840), in Oppeln, Silesia, and began the study of medicine at Breslau in 1858. It was as an official companion of Hakki Pasha that Dr. Schnitzer first gained experience of Eastern travel. He accompanied that Turkish dignitary in Armenia, Syria, and Arabia. He happened to be a Surgeon in the Egyptian Army when General Gordon, then Governor-General of the Soudan, met him at Khartoum, and appointed him Governor-General of Equatorial Africa. This was in 1878. For eleven long years has Emin Pasha held his own as Gordon's lieutenant. It was his appeal for help in 1886 that led to the formation of the Stanley Expedition, the heroic leader of which left England, as intimated, early in 1887, on his arduous quest, which he pluckily conducted to a successful issue. What engrossing books will be forthcoming from both Stanley and Emin Pasha!

Major Wissman,

the self-reliant Commander of the German Expedition in East Africa, deserves to be sketched in company with Stanley and Emin Pasha. Wissman is every inch a soldier. His martial mien shows that. He has amply displayed the qualities of hardihood and promptitude in action which justified the Emperor William's selection of him for his difficult mission. He has been quick to convey the news of the approach of Mr. Stanley and Emin Pasha. One may hope that the explorations of all these valiant European pioneers, British or American, German and Austrian, will hasten the extinction of the curse of Slavery, against which institution (abroad more, perhaps, than at home) England has striven so long.

The Postman Again.

Is it true that the poor postman is expected to use for whole weeks together the pieces of string which are supplied him for tying up his bundles of letters? If it be a fact, as stated by a contemporary, that the men have to make old pieces of knotted and broken string do duty over and over again, and are put to the expense of providing fresh string at their own cost, it is quite too bad. Economy at the Post Office by all means, Sir Arthur Blackwood; but commence with the Secretary's department, and not with the poor and underpaid letter-carriers, whose life is quite hard enough already.

The Girl-Flogger.

Novel readers who fancy that the petty tyrannies of boarding-school life as described by Dickens in "Nicholas Nickleby" and by Charlotte Brontë in "Jane Eyre" are a thing of the past should read the extraordinary revelation of girl-torture which Mr. Labouchere has unveiled in *Truth*. From the printed prospectus of a school at Clifton, which has several clergymen on its reference list, he reproduces the "attraction" of an elaborate system of torture by the birch. Who, it might be asked, would ever avail themselves of such an establishment? But the truth is that there are far too many unnatural guardians and unamiable stepmothers to allow the matter to rest here. The magistrates of Bristol must look to it.

Church Restoration.

The elaborate judgment given a day or two since on the question of the restoration of St. Albans Abbey again reopens a subject which to many lovers of our ancient abbeys, cathedrals, and castles is a positive grievance. I had something to say during the early stages of the works at St. Albans Abbey, and made my protest respecting what I felt to be an act of vandalism in totally altering the architectural effect of one of the most interesting sacred buildings in England or the world. Originally built of thin square red bricks from the ruins of Roman villas, I examined them while the alterations were in progress, and found them as solid as when they left the kiln. The lovely colour of the old walls had such a wonderful effect that I have seen artists wild with delight on first witnessing the great tower of the abbey. At first the "restoration" proceeded cautiously, and, among other things, I greatly admired the manner in which the walls of the nave were bodily lifted up, underpinned, and made secure; but, on reaching the western front, "restoration" changed to "innovation," and now the once majestic abbey might be mistaken for a brand-new stuccoed and whitewashed suburban Methodist chapel.

The Christmas Numbers

are infusing life and colour into the newsagents' windows, and I am glad to know there is a brisk demand for the *Second Edition* of our own Christmas Annual, of which a remarkably large first Issue was quickly sold. The excellent shilling's-worth provided by Mr. Edmund Yates in the *World* Christmas Extra—a bright and moving story by various authors, called "Quinnion's Quest," and a diversity of lifelike sketches of public characters by Mr. Alfred Bryan—has also met with public favour. Mr. C. D. Dalziel, besides favouring us with an entertaining "Hood's Annual," is to the fore with a fresh *Fun Almanac*, redolent of humour and vivaciously illustrated. Mr. Gilbert Dalziel has had the prettiest lasses going deftly limned in *Judy's* Annual, which is aptly styled "Girls of To-Day," each little witch having a monogram all to herself by Mr. Arthur T. Pask, master of his subject. I have quite fallen in love with the Coloured Supplement to the admirable Christmas Number of the *Lady's Pictorial*, and with the artistic embellishments of the budget of stories; and look forward with interest to reading Mrs. Oliphant's "Janet," which prepares the way for the serial novel the same accomplished authoress is to contribute to this favourite journal of the fair sex. The *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* keeps true to its Christmas title of "Holly Leaves," which offers a pretty plate after one of Millais's charming paintings, and several richly illustrated pages with seasonable literary fare by the editor, Mr. Alfred Watson, Mr. Arthur Clements, Mr. John Hollingshead, Miss Jessie Bond, and others of mark. The appearance of yet another penny weekly, conducted by the sprightly "Ithuriel," induces me to reverse the famous saying of the Reverend Robert Spalding, and to remark, "D' you know, I *do* like *London*!"

THE PROMPTER.

LEGAL COLUMN

["*Lex*" *will be happy to answer simple questions of Law put to him concisely by readers of* "*The Penny Illustrated Paper.*"]

ANSWERS.

R. W. K.—It is very doubtful whether you can remove your copper. You should have made an arrangement with the landlord in the first instance. You had better now arrange the matter with him.

INSURANCE.—We must say to you, as we have had to say to so many correspondents, that it is impossible to give an opinion upon the effect of a document which we have not seen. The general rule as to insurance policies is that anybody can drop them when they please, the policy of course lapsing.

MOSES JACKSON.—The same remarks apply to your case, which turns upon the exact wording of the apprenticeship indenture. As a general rule, during temporary illness the master must not stop wages. See our former articles on the law of master and servant.

JUSTICE.—It can scarcely be expected that a case which requires sixteen pages is to be answered in these columns. You should consult a solicitor as to the steps to be taken by you with reference to the will. We can only say that, if the executor will not prove the will on being "cited," the legatee or creditor may do so.

LEX.

A Chance of Saving the Bawbees.—Speaking at a supper given to him in Liverpool on Saturday night, Mr. J. L. Toole said that once when playing in Edinburgh the part of the Artful Dodger, in which he wore a pair of trousers to which there was quite a history attached, he met a Scotch gentleman, to whom, in the course of conversation, he recounted the fact of having a pair of trousers which had been worn for nearly forty years. The Scotchman ejaculated, "Good ——! wha's your tailor?"

MUSIC & THE DRAMA

ARTISTICALLY speaking, I should think Miss Marie Tempest now ranks as prima donna of English Comic Opera. The captivating little lady has the rare quality of *chic* in a remarkable degree: she has a dulcet voice, a saucy face, and a symmetrical figure, which is seen to advantage in the ruby silk uniform of "The Red Hussar"; and she is an artist to the fringe of her eyelids and the tips of her fingers. In fine, she is irresistibly attractive. Author and composer had collaborated with such good effect that I own I was thoroughly entertained last Saturday night at the elegant and comfortable Lyric Theatre by the new musical comedy of "The Red Hussar," by Mr. Henry Pottinger Stephens and Mr Edward Solomon. Melodious music is wedded to witty and humorous dialogue and graceful lyrics. The story of "The Red Hussar" serves excellently to carry the abundant songs and stirring marches. As Kitty Carroll and Ralph Rodney, Miss Marie Tempest and Mr. Ben Davies are the bright central figures of this gay military opera of Marlborough's time. We watch the vicissitudes of their wooing with unflagging interest. An operatic Mark Tapley in his way, Ralph Rodney is jilted by a mercenary heiress, but keeps up his cheerfulness with song and by enlisting. In Flanders, he fights and sings under Marlborough, and is saved by the valour of a certain smart "Red Hussar," who turns out to be true-hearted Kitty Carroll, who has followed him to the wars. By the revival of a somewhat familiar device, Kitty is made in the end to mate with her lover on their return to "England, Home, and Beauty." Curtailed, as it doubtless has been by this time, "The Red Hussar" should serve to amuse Londoners throughout the winter and long after. The charming opera is calculated to delight lovers of music, and to divert those who like to be moved to laughter by the quaint humour of Mr. Arthur Williams as Corporal Bundy and the unctuous geniality of Mrs. W. Sidney as Mrs. Magpie. The principals were admirably supported by tuneful Miss Florence Dysart, who sang charmingly as the contralto Barbara Bellasys, by Mr. Hayden Coffin as Sir Harry Leighton, Mr. Albert Christian as Sir Middlesex Mashem, and pretty Miss Maud Holland as Daisy. I find several of the lyrics sang excellently by Marie Tempest and Ben Davies cordially praised in my book of the opera. Many will certainly be popular in drawing-rooms. I also find pencilled laudation of the neat lace-petticoat dancing of comely and lissom Miss Birdie Irving; cordial eulogy of Mr. Henry J. Leslie and Mr. Charles Harris for the brilliancy of the mounting, and the masterly way in which the new piece has been put upon the stage; and a final word of commendation for the general management of Mr. M. Levenston. "The Red Hussar" is a deserved success.

MISS MARIE TEMPEST.

Everybody who admires the pluck with which Miss Grace Hawthorne has conducted the Princess's Theatre for the past few years will join me in congratulating that clever lady on the success of Mr. Robert Buchanan's English version of "Theodora," sumptuously produced by her at the Brighton Theatre Royal. I wish similar success may attend the forthcoming new Princess's drama of "The Gold Craze," due to-night.

Sacred to the memory of more than one capital burlesque—do not playgoers often sigh for another such extravaganza as Burnand's "Ixion" or "Black-eyed Susan"?—the little Royalty in Soho has been reopened by quite a constellation of talent—MM. Augustus Harris, Henry Watkin, and Arthur Roberts. The last-named arch humourist, the mere sight of whom makes many of his idolisers roar with laughter, is seen to advantage in the latest musical burlesque, "The New Corsican Brothers," since it has been boldly pruned and shortened. Libretto by Mr. Cecil Raleigh (of "Great Pink Pearl" renown and of proved ability as a dramatist) and by Mr. Walter Slaughter, this combination of the old "Corsican Brothers" and the new "Mr. Barnes of New York" is a whimsical hodge-podge, of which the chief ingredients are pretty choristers, witchingly costumed by Alias after the *chic* designs of Mr. John Houghton; a skit at the Gardenia Club, light and cheery music, and Arthur Roberts in a series of caricatures of music-hall singers, which make the house ripple with laughter. Mr. Deane Brand, Miss Kate Chard, and Miss Edith Kenward do their best to aid in promoting the harmony of "The New Corsican Brothers."

Playbill pencillings: Last night of "The Royal Oak" at Old Drury—Saturday matinée of Attila and Sandow, and the ballet of "Astrea" at the Alhambra—look out for Howard Paul's "Komical Kalendar; or, a smile for every day in the year, and an occasional laugh"—look out also for a soprano of highest promise, Mdlle. Marguerite Thierry, who makes her début at Princes' Hall, Piccadilly, Dec. 17.

THESPIS.

An Expensive Kiss for the Taxpayers.—A cheesemonger named Frederick Anderson appeared at the Woolwich Police-Court a day or two ago to answer a charge of assaulting Mary Jenkins, the wife of a hairdresser, by kissing her. The prisoner had absconded, and a constable said that he had been searching for him for nearly six months. Mrs. Jenkins declined to forgive the prisoner, who declared that he had twice apologised to the husband. A fine of half a crown was imposed.

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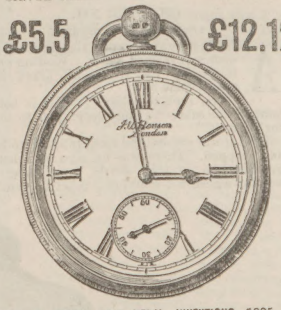

HIGHEST AWARD, GOLD MEDAL, INVENTIONS, 1885, WAS AWARDED TO
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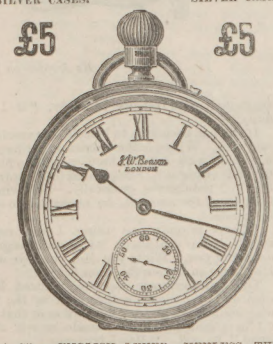

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CHAPTER XII.

LORD HARRY'S DEFENCE.

AFTER a short interval, the drawing-room door was opened again. Waiting on the threshold, the Irish lord asked if he might come in.

Iris replied coldly. "This is not my house," she said; "I must leave you to decide for yourself."

Lord Harry crossed the room to speak to her—and stopped. There was no sign of relenting towards him in that dearly loved face. "I wonder whether it would be a relief to you," he suggested with piteous humility, "if I went away?"

He dropped on his knees and kissed her hand.

If she had been true to herself, she would have said Yes. Where is the woman to be found, in her place, with a heart hard enough to have set her that example? She pointed to a chair. He felt her indulgence gratefully. Following the impulse of the moment, he attempted to excuse his conduct.

"There is only one thing I can say for myself," he confessed: "I didn't begin by deceiving you. While you had your eye on me, Iris, I was an honourable man."

This extraordinary defence reduced her to silence. Was there another man in the world who would have pleaded for pardon in that way? "I'm afraid I have not made myself understood," he said. "May I try again?"

"If you please."

The vagabond nobleman made a resolute effort to explain himself intelligibly, this time:—

"See now! We said good-bye, over there, in the poor old island. Well, indeed, I meant it when I owned that I was unworthy of you. I didn't contradict you, when you said you could never be my wife, after such a life as I have led. And, do remember, I submitted to your returning to England, without presuming to make a complaint. Ah, my sweet girl, it was easy to submit, while I could look at you, and hear the sound of your voice, and beg for that last kiss—and get it. Reverend gentlemen talk about the fall of Adam. What was that to the fall of Harry, when he was back in his own little cottage, without the hope of ever seeing you again? To the best of my recollection, the serpent that tempted Eve was up a tree. I found the serpent that tempted Me, sitting waiting in my own armchair, and bent on nothing worse than borrowing a trifle of money. Need I say who she was? I don't doubt that you think her a wicked woman."

Never ready in speaking of acts of kindness, on her own part, Iris answered with some little reserve: "I have learnt to think better of Mrs. Vimpany than you suppose."

Lord Harry began to look like a happy man, for the first time since he had entered the room.

"I ought to have known it!" he burst out. "Yours is the well-balanced mind, dear, that tempers justice with mercy. Mother Vimpany has had a hard life of it. Just change places with her for a minute or so—and you'll understand what she has had to go through. Find yourself, for instance, in Ireland, without the means to take you back to England. Add to that, a husband who sends you away to make money for him at the theatre, and a manager (not an Irishman, thank God!) who refuses to engage you—after your acting has filled his dirty pockets in past days—because your beauty has faded with time. Doesn't your bright imagination see it all now? My old friend Arabella, ready and anxious to serve me—and a sinking at this poor fellow's heart when he knew, if he once lost the trace of you, he might lose it for ever—there's the situation, as they call it on the stage. I wish I could say for myself what I may say for Mrs. Vimpany. It's such a pleasure to a clever woman to engage in a little deceit—we can't blame her, can we?"

Iris protested gently against a code of morality which included the right of deceit among the privileges of the sex. Lord Harry slipped through her fingers with the admirable Irish readiness; he agreed with Miss Henley that he was entirely wrong.

"And don't spare me while you're about it," he suggested. "Lay all the blame of that shameful stratagem on my shoulders. It was a despicable thing to do. When I had you watched, I acted in a manner—I won't say unworthy of a gentleman: have I been a gentleman since I first ran away from home? Why, it's even been said my way of speaking is no longer the way of a gentleman; and small wonder, too, after the company I've kept. Ah, well! I'm off again, darling, on a sea voyage. Will you forgive me now? or will you wait till I come back, if I do come back? God knows!" He dropped on his knees and kissed her hand. "Anyway," he said, "whether I live or whether I die, it will be some consolation to remember that I asked your pardon—and perhaps got it."

"Take it, Harry; I can't help forgiving you!"

She had done her best to resist him, and she had answered in those merciful words.

The effect was visible, perilously visible, as he rose from his knees. Her one chance of keeping the distance between them, on which she had been too weak to insist, was not to encourage him by silence. Abruptly, desperately, she made a commonplace inquiry about his proposed voyage. "Tell me," she resumed, "where are you going when you leave England?"

"Oh, to find money, dear, if I can—to pick up diamonds, or to hit on a mine of gold, and so forth."

The fine observation of Iris detected something not quite easy in his manner, as he made that reply. He tried to change the subject: she deliberately returned to it. "Your account of your travelling-plans is rather vague," she told him. "Do you know when you are likely to return?"

He took her hand. One of the rings on her fingers happened to be turned the wrong way. He set it in the right position, and discovered an opal. "Ah! the unlucky stone!" he cried, and turned it back again out of sight. She drew away her hand. "I asked you," she persisted, "when you expect to return?"

He laughed, not so gaily as usual.

"How do I know I shall ever get back?" he answered. "Sometimes the seas turn traitor, and sometimes the savages. I have had so many narrow escapes of my life, I can't expect my luck to last for ever." He made a second attempt to change the subject. "I wonder whether you're likely to pay another visit to Ireland? My cottage is entirely at your disposal, Iris dear. Oh, when I'm out of the way, of course! The place seemed to please your fancy, when you saw it. You will find it well taken care of, I answer for that."

Iris asked who was taking care of his cottage.

The wild lord's face saddened. He hesitated, rose from his chair restlessly, and walked away to the window; returned, and made up his mind to reply.

"My dear, you know her. She was the old housekeeper at"——

His voice failed him. He was unable, or unwilling, to pronounce the name of Arthur's farm.

Knowing, it is needless to say, that he had alluded to Mrs. Lewson, Iris warmly commended him for taking care of her old nurse. At the same time, she remembered the unfriendly terms in which the housekeeper had alluded to Lord Harry, when they had talked of him.

"Did you find no difficulty," she asked, "in persuading Mrs. Lewson to enter your service?"

"Oh, yes, plenty of difficulty; I found my bad character in my way, as usual." It was a relief to him, at that moment, to talk of Mrs. Lewson; the Irish humour and the Irish accent both asserted themselves in his reply. "The curious old creature told me to my face I was a scamp. I took leave to remind her that it was the duty of a respectable person, like herself, to reform scamps; I also mentioned that I was going away, and she would be master and mistress too on my small property. That softened her heart towards me. You will mostly find old women amenable if you get at them by way of their dignity. Besides, there was another lucky circumstance that helped me. The neighbourhood of my cottage has some attraction for Mrs. Lewson. She didn't say particularly what it was—and I never asked her to tell me."

"Surely you might have guessed it, without being told," Iris reminded him. "Mrs. Lewson's faithful heart loves poor Arthur's memory—and Arthur's grave is not far from your cottage."

"Don't speak of him!"

It was said loudly, peremptorily, passionately. He looked at her with angry astonishment in his face. "You loved him too!" he said. "Can you speak of him quietly? The noblest, truest, sweetest man that ever the Heavens looked on, foully assassinated! And the wretch who murdered him still living, free—oh! what is God's providence about?—is there no retribution that will follow him? no just hand that will revenge Arthur's death?"

As those fierce words escaped him, he was no longer the easy, gentle, joyous creature whom Iris had known and loved. The furious passions of the Celtic race glittered savagely in his eyes, and changed to a grey horrid pallor the healthy colour that was natural to his face. "Oh, my temper, my temper!" he cried, as Iris shrank from him. "She hates me now, and no wonder." He staggered away from her, and burst into a convulsive fit of crying, dreadful to hear. Compassion, divine compassion, mastered the earthlier emotion of terror in the great heart of the woman who loved him. She followed him, and laid her hand caressingly on his shoulder. "I don't hate you, my dear," she said. "I am sorry for Arthur—and, oh, so sorry for You!" He caught her in his arms. His gratitude, his repentance, his silent farewell were all expressed in a last kiss. It was a moment never to be forgotten to the end of their lives. Before she could speak, before she could think, he had left her.

She called him back, through the open door. He never returned; he never even replied. She ran to the window, and threw it up—and was just in time to see him signal to the carriage and leap into it. Her horror of the fatal purpose that was but too plainly rooted in him—her conviction that he was on the track of the assassin, self-devoted to exact the terrible penalty of blood for blood—emboldened her to insist on being heard. "Come back," she cried. "I must, I will, speak with you."

He waved his hand to her with a gesture of despair. "Start your horses!" he shouted to the coachman. Alarmed by his voice and his look, the man asked where he should drive to. Lord Harry pointed furiously to the onward road. "Drive," he answered, "to the Devil!"

END OF THE FIRST PERIOD.

THE SECOND PERIOD.

CHAPTER XIII.

IRIS AT HOME.

A little more than four months had passed, since the return of Iris to her father's house.

Among other events which occurred, during the earlier part of that interval, the course adopted by Hugh Mountjoy, when Miss Henley's suspicions of the Irish lord were first communicated to him, claims a foremost place.

It was impossible that the devoted friend of Iris could look at her, when they met again on their way to the station, without perceiving the signs of serious agitation. Only waiting until they were alone in the railway-carriage, she opened her heart unreservedly to the man in whose clear intellect and true sympathy she could repose implicit trust. He listened to what she could repeat of Lord Harry's language with but little appearance of surprise. Iris had only reminded him of one among the disclosures which had escaped Mr. Vimpany at the inn. Under the irresistible influence of good wine, the doctor had revealed the Irish lord's motive for remaining in his own country, after the assassination of Arthur Mountjoy. Hugh met the only difficulty in his way, without shrinking from it. He resolved to clear his mind of its natural prejudice against the rival who had been preferred to him, before he assumed the responsibility of guiding Iris by his advice.

When he had in some degree recovered confidence in his own unbiassed judgment, he entered on the question of Lord Harry's purpose in leaving England.

Without attempting to dispute the conclusion at which Iris had arrived, he did his best to alleviate her distress. In his opinion, he was careful to tell her, a discovery of the destination to which Lord Harry proposed to betake himself might be achieved. The Irish lord's allusion to a new adventure, which would occupy him in searching for diamonds or gold, might indicate a contemplated pursuit of the assassin, as well as a plausible excuse to satisfy Iris. It was at least possible that the murderer might have been warned of his danger if he remained in England, and that he might have contemplated directing his flight to a distant country, which would not only offer a safe refuge, but also hold out (in its mineral treasures) a hope of gain. Assuming that these circumstances had really happened, it was Lord Harry's character to make sure of his revenge, by embarking in the steam-ship by which the assassin of Arthur Mountjoy was a passenger.

Wild as this guess at the truth undoubtedly was, it had one merit: it might easily be put to the test.

Hugh had bought the day's newspaper, at the station. He proposed to consult the shipping advertisements relating, in the first place, to communication with the diamond-mines and the gold-fields of South Africa.

This course of proceeding at once informed him that the first steamer, bound for that destination, would sail from London in two days' time. The obvious precaution to take was to have the Dock watched; and Mountjoy's steady old servant, who knew Lord Harry by sight, was the man to employ.

Iris naturally inquired what good end could be attained, if the anticipated discovery actually took place.

To this Mountjoy answered, that the one hope—a faint hope, he must needs confess—of inducing Lord Harry to reconsider his desperate purpose, lay in the influence of Iris herself. She must address a letter to him, announcing that his secret had been betrayed by his own language and conduct, and declaring that she would never again see him, or hold any communication with him, if he persisted in his savage resolution of revenge. Such was the desperate experiment which Mountjoy's generous and unselfish devotion to Iris now proposed to try.

The servant (duly entrusted with Miss Henley's letter) was placed on the watch: and the event which had been regarded as little better than a forlorn hope proved to be the event that really took place. Lord Harry was a passenger by the steam-ship.

His gratitude, his repentance, his silent farewell were all expressed in a last kiss.

Mountjoy's man presented the letter entrusted to him, and asked respectfully if there was any answer. The wild lord read it—looked (to use the messenger's own words) like a man cut to the heart—seemed at a loss what to say or do—and only gave a verbal answer: "I sincerely think Miss Henley, and I promise to write when the ship touches at Madeira." The servant continued to watch him when he went on board the steamer; saw him cast a look backwards, as if suspecting that he might have been followed; and then lost sight of him in the cabin. The vessel sailed after a long interval of delay, but he never reappeared on the deck.

The ambiguous message sent to her aroused the resentment of Iris; she thought it cruel. For some weeks perhaps to come, she was condemned to remain in doubt, and was left to endure the trial of her patience, without having Mountjoy at hand to encourage and console her. He had been called away to the South of France by the illness of his father.

But the fortunes of Miss Henley, at this period of her life, had their brighter side. She found reason to congratulate herself on the reconciliation which had brought her back to her father. Mr. Henley had received her, not perhaps with affection, but certainly with kindness. "If we don't get in each other's way, we shall do very well; I am glad to see you again." That was all he had said to her, but it meant much from a soured and selfish man.

Her only domestic anxiety was caused by another failure in the health of her maid.

The Doctor declared that medical aid would be of no avail while Rhoda Bennett remained in London. In the country she had been born and bred, and to the country she must return. Mr. Henley's large landed property, on the north of London, happened to include a farm in the neighbourhood of Muswell Hill. Wisely waiting for a favourable opportunity, Iris alluded to the good qualities which had made Rhoda almost as much her friend as her servant, and asked leave to remove the invalid to the healthy air of the farm.

Her anxiety about the recovery of a servant so astonished Mr. Henley that he was hurried (as he afterwards declared) into granting his daughter's request. After this concession, the necessary arrangements were easily made. The influence of Iris won the goodwill of the farmer and his wife; Rhoda, as an expert and willing needlewoman, being sure of a welcome, for her own sake, in a family which included a number of young children. Miss Henley had only to order her carriage, and to be within reach of the farm. A week seldom passed without a meeting between the mistress and the maid.

In the meantime, Mountjoy (absent in France) did not forget to write to Iris.

His letters offered little hope of a speedy return. The doctors had not concealed from him that his father's illness would end fatally; but there were reserves of vital power still left, which might prolong the struggle. Under these melancholy circumstances he begged that Iris would write to him. The oftener she could tell him of the little events of her life at home, the more kindly she would brighten the days of a dreary life.

Eager to show, even in a trifling matter, how gratefully she appreciated Mountjoy's past kindness, Iris related the simple story of her life at home, in weekly letters addressed to her good friend. After telling Hugh (among other things) of Rhoda's establishment at the farm, she had some unexpected results to relate, which had followed the attempt to provide herself with a new maid.

Two young women had been successively engaged—each recommended, by the lady whom she had last served, with that utter disregard of moral obligation which appears to be shamelessly on the increase in the England of our day. The first of the two maids, described as "rather excitable," revealed infirmities of temper which suggested a lunatic asylum as the only fit place for her. The second young woman, detected in stealing eau-de-cologne, and using it (mixed with water) as an intoxicating drink, claimed merciful construction of her misconduct, on the ground that she had been misled by the example of her last mistress.

At the third attempt to provide herself with a servant, Iris was able to report the discovery of a responsible person who told the truth—an unmarried lady of middle age.

In this case, the young woman was described as a servant thoroughly trained in the performance of her duties, honest, sober, industrious, of an even temper, and unprovided with "a follower" in the shape of a sweetheart. Even her name sounded favourably in the ear of a stranger—it was Fanny Mere. Iris asked how a servant, apparently possessed of a faultless character, came to be in want of a situation. At this question the lady sighed, and acknowledged that she had "made a dreadful discovery," relating to the past life of her maid. It proved to be the old, the miserably old, story of a broken promise of marriage, and of the penalty paid as usual by the unhappy woman. "I will say nothing of my own feelings," the maiden lady explained. "In justice to the other female servants, it was impossible for me to keep such a person in my house; and, in justice to you, I must most unwillingly stand in the way of Fanny Mere's prospects by mentioning my reason for parting with her."

"If I could see the young woman and speak to her," Iris said, "I should like to decide the question of engaging her for myself."

The lady knew the address of her discharged servant, and—with some appearance of wonder—communicated it. Miss Henley wrote at once, telling Fanny Mere to come to her on the following day.

When she woke on the next morning, later than usual, an event occurred which Iris had been impatiently expecting for some time past. She found a letter waiting on her bedside table, side by side with her cup of tea. Lord Harry had written to her at last.

The wild lord read it—looked (to use the messenger's own words) like a man cut to the heart, and seemed at a loss what to say or do.

Whether he used his pen or his tongue, the Irish lord's conduct was always more or less in need of an apology. Here were the guilty one's new excuses, expressed in his customary medley of frank confession and flowery language:—

"I am fearing, my angel, that I have offended you. You have too surely said to yourself, This miserable Harry might have made me happy by writing two lines—and what does he do? He sends a message in words which tell me nothing.

"My sweet girl, the reason why is that I was in two minds, when your man stopped me on my way to the ship.

"Whether it was best for you—I was not thinking of myself—to confess the plain truth, or to take refuge in affectionate equivocation, was more than I could decide at the time. When minutes are enough for your intelligence, my stupidity wants days. Well! I saw it at last. A man owes the truth to a true woman; and you are a true woman. There you find a process of reasoning—I have been five days getting hold of it.

"But tell me one thing first. Brutus killed a man; Charlotte Corday killed a man. One of the two victims was a fine tyrant, and the other a mean tyrant. Nobody blames those two historical assassins. Why then blame me for wishing to make a third? Is a mere modern murderer beneath my vengeance, by comparison with two classical tyrants who did *their* murders by deputy? The man who killed Arthur Mountjoy is (next to Cain alone) the most atrocious homicide that ever trod the miry ways of this earth. There is my reply! I call it a crusher.

"So now my mind is easy. Darling, let me make your mind easy next.

"When I left you at the window of Vimpany's house, I was off to the other railroad to find the murderer in his hiding-place by the seaside. He had left it; but I got a trace, and went back to London—to the Docks. Some villain in Ireland, who knows my purpose, must have turned traitor. Anyhow, the wretch has escaped me.

"Yes; I searched the ship in every corner. He was not on board. Has he gone on before me, by an earlier vessel? Or has he directed his flight to some other part of the world? I shall find out in time. His day of reckoning will come, and he, too, shall know a violent death! Amen. So be it. Amen.

"Have I done now? Bear with me, gentle Iris—there is a word more to come.

"You will wonder why I went on by the steam-ship—all the way to South Africa—when I had failed to find the man I wanted, on board. What was my motive? You, you, alone, are always my motive. Lucky men have found gold, lucky men have found diamonds. Why should I not be one of them? My sweet, let us suppose two possible things: my own elastic convictions would call them two likely things, but never mind that. Say, I come back a reformed character; there is your only objection to me, at once removed! And take it for granted that I return with a fortune of my own finding. In that case, what becomes of Mr. Henley's objection to me? It melts (as Shakspeare says somewhere) into thin air. Now do take my advice, for once. Show this part of my letter to your excellent father, with my love. I answer beforehand for the consequences. Be happy, my Lady Harry—as happy as I am—and look for my return on an earlier day than you may anticipate. Yours till death and after,

"HARRY."

Like the Irish lord, Miss Henley was "in two minds," while she rose and dressed herself. There were parts of the letter for which she loved the writer, and parts of it for which she hated him.

What a prospect was before that reckless man—what misery, what horror, might not be lying in wait in the dreadful future! She turned, shuddering, from the contemplation of hideous possibilities, and took refuge in the hope of his safe, his guiltless return. She opened her writing-desk, to hide the letter from all eyes but her own. As she secured it with the key, her heart sank under the return of a terror remembered but too well. Once more, the superstitious belief in a destiny that was urging Lord Harry and herself nearer and nearer to each other, even when they seemed to be most widely and most surely separated, thrilled her under the chilling mystery of its presence. She dropped helplessly into a chair. Oh for a friend who could feel for her, who could strengthen her, whose wise words could restore her to her better and calmer self! Hugh was far away; and Iris was left to suffer and to struggle alone.

Heartfelt aspirations for help and sympathy! Oh, irony of circumstances, how were they answered? The housemaid entered the room, to announce the arrival of a discharged servant, with a lost character.

"Let the young woman come in," Iris said. Was Fanny Mere the friend whom she had been longing for? She looked at her troubled face in the glass—and laughed bitterly.

(To be continued.)

HOW THE WORLD WAGS

THE QUEEN travelled south last week in her usual double saloon, says the *World*, in which also was Princess Beatrice, whose children and their nurses were in the next saloon. There were thirteen carriages in the Royal train, which was nearly five hundred feet in length.

The Queen drove from Balmoral to Ballater in an open carriage drawn by four horses. There was a great crowd of Aberdonians at Ferryhill, and her Majesty (who conversed for several minutes with Lord Aberdeen while the train was in the station) was loudly cheered. The train stopped at Perth (where the platforms were kept clear) for fifty-five minutes, and the Queen dined in the committee-room, which was beautifully decorated with flowers, her Majesty being particularly delighted with the orchids and chrysanthemums.

With the arrival of the Prince and Princess of Wales last Saturday at Sandringham, says the *Daily Telegraph*, the county houses in Norfolk are rapidly filling, and a brilliant hunting and shooting season is anticipated. The Duke and Duchess of Fife are expected at Castle Rising in a day or two. The members of the West Norfolk Hunt hope to welcome some members of the Royal family at their meets this week. The Duchess of Fife as Princess Louise of Wales has often hunted with the West Norfolk. All the leading families are entertaining friends in view of the Royal County Ball, fixed for Dec. 6.

Prince Albert Victor (who, *on dit*, may after all marry Princess Victoria of Teck) arrived at Mysore on Saturday, and in the evening was entertained at a State banquet by the Maharajah, who drank to his Royal Highness's health. The Prince, in returning thanks, dwelt on the importance of the city of Mysore, and said that he would not fail to convey to Queen Victoria the assurances of loyalty given by the Maharajah. His Royal Highness attended divine service on Sunday morning, and subsequently paid a visit to the Maharajah. On Monday an elephant-shooting expedition was organised in honour of the Royal visitor.

Prince Alfred of Edinburgh slightly wounded an officer by shooting him in the leg while out hunting recently near Coburg.

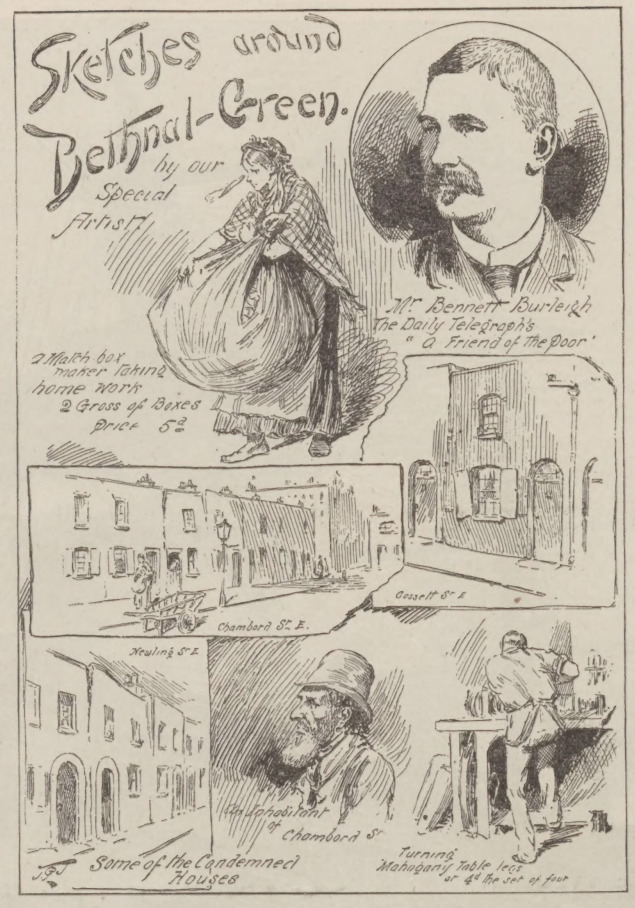
In honour of the forty-ninth birthday of the Empress Frederick, the Emperor William gave a grand dinner in the New Palace, near Potsdam. Sir Edward and Lady Ermyntrude Malet and the staff of the British Embassy were among the guests. The Emperor and all the members of the Royal family telegraphed their congratulations to the Empress Frederick at Athens.

The Marquis of Salisbury arrived at Windsor Castle and had an audience of the Queen on Nov. 22, and afterwards had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family.

King Humbert, in his speech on the opening of the Italian Parliament, said the maintenance of the peace of Europe now appeared to be assured, thanks to the concert prevailing among the Great Powers. The disturbing questions, however, were not all settled, and it was necessary to make continued naval and military provision for the protection of their independence.

Mr. Bradlaugh, M.P., proceeds by the Peninsular and Oriental steamer Ballaarat on a voyage to Bombay for the benefit of his health.

A gas explosion of a very serious nature occurred on Friday night, Nov. 22, at No. 71, Upper Kennington-lane, Vauxhall, a building used as a drill-hall. At the time of the explosion there were a large number of people in the hall, the company having assembled to view the building. It would appear that the bugler-sergeant of the 4th V.B. East Surrey Regiment was showing some friends over the building, and on entering the sergeants' mess-room he struck a light, when the explosion took place. The men were hurled in all directions, and the windows were blown out. Further assistance having arrived, it was ascertained that several persons were seriously injured. Vehicles were procured, and the injured were conveyed to St. Thomas's Hospital. The names of the injured are Holland Joshua Charman, 21, private in the C Company of the Oxfordshire Regiment, fearfully burnt about head, face, hands, and arms; Alfred Williams, 23, clerk, residing at 33, Durham-street, Vauxhall, burnt on face, head, hand, and arms, all the hair being singed off the scalp; Frederick Seyers, 28, clerk, residing at 25, Gilbert-road, Kennington, slightly injured, but suffering from shock to the system; George Henry Lock, 21, clerk, of 2, Beech-street, Dorset-road, South Lambeth.



One of our Sketches calls attention to another East-End grievance. Thanks largely to Mr. Bennett Burleigh of the *Daily Telegraph*, many of the worst London slums are doomed. It is not good that people should live in places which are little better than pig-sties, and County Council and Local Boards may well be active. In one case a summons was taken out in respect of houses in Newling-street, Bethnal-green, of which one of the inhabitants testified the house in which he lived was unfit for human habitation. The roof is wholly out of order. Whenever there is any rain the walls are covered with wet. The flooring is absolutely rotten upstairs, and downstairs there are several holes opening direct to the earth underneath. The place is overrun with rats, in consequence of defective drainage, and there are very bad smells indeed. There is no water supply to the closet, there is no dustbin, and owing to the state of the walls of the chimney there is always smoke when a fire is lighted. One may be thankful enough to Mr. Burleigh in assisting to close such places as these; but one would like to trace the present occupiers. Where are they to go?

Tranquillity continues to prevail in Brazil. The Republican form of Government has been proclaimed in all the provinces. The recognition of the new Republic by the Queen Regent of Spain will, out of deference for the Orleans family, be deferred until after its recognition by Austria, Germany, and Italy.

Contrary to public expectation, Eiffel's Tower will be closed to visitors on and after Dec. 1. This step has been taken by the company on account of the bad state of the Champ de Mars in the vicinity of the structure. Several reparations will be made in the construction during the winter, and with the advent of fine weather the tower will again be open to the public.

The doctors prophesy for the Russian giantess at the Aquarium a height of 9 ft.

The vigilance of the Custom House officers on the coast of Brittany has ended in the arrest of two persons resembling General Boulanger. One of these is said to be an English officer who landed from a boat at Flamanville. The name of the gentleman is not given, but it is stated that he was subsequently liberated with profuse apologies by the police commissary of St. Vaast.

The severe gale that blew during Sunday night caused considerable damage. In High-street, Hounslow, a shop window was blown in by the wind, and the roads were strewn with tiles and broken chimney-pots. In market gardens and orchards young trees have been torn up by the roots, and old ones greatly damaged. A policeman in Twickenham was struck by a falling tile. Extensive damage was caused to the sea wall at Sandgate. The sea ran mountains high, and hundreds of tons of the sea wall were removed. The tramway and main roads were bestrewed with shingle from the beach, and the main gaspipe which supplies the town was uncovered.

Half Highgate has been making holiday in honour of the opening of the church of St. Joseph, which the Black Fathers have built, in memory of the Jubilee of Leo XIII., close to their monastery on the breezy heights of Highgate-hill. The festivities, which will go on for a week, commenced with a pontifical high mass, which lasted for nearly three hours, and was a most imposing and impressive ceremony. The large Byzantine building, beautifully decorated, partly by the Fathers themselves, who have also built the church, and the paintings, mostly by Mr. Westlake, R.A., was well filled with worshippers and spectators.

Lady Dilke went among the women and girls who make match-boxes on Saturday evening, in Shoreditch, and delivered an able speech in support of a resolution which declared that the match-box makers should form themselves into a union. The Vicar of Holy Trinity, Shoreditch, occupied the chair.

The Greenock petition for the reprieve of Laurie has been signed by more than 7000 people. The agitation for the reprieve is being actively pushed in Glasgow. Men are stationed at convenient points in the principal thoroughfares with a desk and a petition, and passers-by are invited by placard to sign if they think Laurie should be reprieved. In the resorts of commercial men few names seem, so far, to have been obtained; but in the streets some support is being extended to the movement.

Two foremen having mysteriously died together in a cabin at the works of Mr. Samson Fox, at the Leeds Forge, a post-mortem examination was held by four Leeds surgeons. During the course of the examination one of the medical men fell to the ground in a fainting condition, and the other three gentlemen appeared somewhat overcome, and had to leave the building and get into the fresh air as quickly as possible. The gentleman who suffered most was at once removed to his home in a conveyance, and the post-mortem was adjourned. That cabin must be an unpleasant place in which to earn one's living.

At Bedford, on the 22nd inst., there were two shooting cases through the reckless use of firearms, in one of which a little boy was shot dead. Mr. Justice Wills said it was terrible to think of the loss of life every year through persons carrying firearms without any reason for doing so, and he considered that there was a great want of legislation to make such conduct moderately punishable.

A well-dressed young cabman, William H. Hudson, appeared before Mr. Shiel, at Westminster, to answer a charge of thrashing Horace Harker, an architect, with a walking-stick. He pleaded that he had been provoked in consequence of the letters and post-cards his wife had received from the prosecutor. After examining some of the letters and hearing statements for the defence, the magistrate said it was unnecessary to go further, and that he should simply order the defendant to enter into his own recognisances in £5 to keep the peace.

Long and interesting letters have been received from Mr. H. M. Stanley, details concerning which will be found in another column.

The trial of the action for libel brought by Mr. T. M. Kelly, secretary of the East London Sugar Workers and Dock Labourers' Council, against the *Star* was concluded in the Queen's Bench Division on Saturday, when the jury found for the plaintiff, and assessed the damages at £5.

"THERE IS UNQUESTIONABLY" no better remedy in the whole world for all cough and throat troubles than KEATING'S LOZENGES—any medical man will assure you of this fact. Relief is speedy; they contain no strong-acting, but only simple, drugs; the most delicate can take them. Sold everywhere, in 13½d. Tins.—[ADVT.]

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THE RACING WORLD

Our Jockey Club flat-racing season ended as it began, with a winning mount for Samuel Loates, known to most frequenters of race meetings as "Sloates." A great many of us saw Sam land the opening event of the year with Snaplock at Lincoln. Very few of the noble army who remained at New Barns on Saturday while the Final Plate was being run can be said to have really seen the jockey in question wind up the programme by winning on Parsimonious. They could see the fog, and were satisfied that the racers were behind the fog or in it, but beyond that general knowledge all was guesswork. Some of the

Bookmakers were Robbed

most egregiously by fellows who worked together to pass the word on as the horses passed the post. Betting was in full swing in the Saturday Selling Plate and Final Plate after the races were over; in fact, not one in ten knew that the races were started. I saw one professional backer absolutely pick a bookie's pocket of £600 on the last race. He took 4 to 1 to £150 about Parsimonious after he had seen Mr. Sibary's gelding's number go up.

Mr. Sibary is a very Lucky Owner.

He has worked his way to the front by sheer cleverness and great luck, and is always worth following when he backs his horses, and generally, though not quite always, if he backs other people's. This is the gentleman who had such a fine stroke of luck through Laureate in the Cambridgeshire. Mr. John Hammond got him to execute the commission for Laureate. After putting the owner's money on, the commissioner did a deal on his own account, and placed £600 of his own for hedging purposes. As it happened, the horse went back in the quotations, and never came again. Our young friend was obliged to choose between hedging at a loss or standing his apparently bad bargain. He took the latter alternative, with result that he

Won £10,000 against his Will.

Of late years East Sussex has come to the front as a favourable location for training racehorses. Singularly, it has been brought under notice mainly through what are called professional owners—that is to say, men who race as a business. For that matter, half of our swell proprietors of thoroughbreds are neither more nor less than professors.

Racing with them is a business. If it goes right it is pleasant enough—so are all other trades, occupations, or professions; but, in any case, it needs constant and keen attention.

Luck has Shifted

in East Sussex during the last year or so. For some time Lewes stables scored and scored, till people began to say that there was no stopping horses trained at the little town of clean windows, dirty hotels, pretty girls, and big bonfires. Most prominent were the Princes, of whom, alas! George is dead, who trained for Mr. "Lucky" Harry Heasman and his partner, Giles and John Watts won all manner of races for the Co. on the flat. Across country or over hurdles the brown and silver-grey colours were equally successful. Recently the school have done fairly well under Grand National Hunt rules, but throughout the flat-race season the confederacy have hardly been able to win a race. While luck so appears to have forsaken Lewes, the Southern Newmarket, as local sportsmen delight to call it, neighbouring stables, nestling under the northern face of the Downs towards Eastbourne, have made a rare mark. Barratt of Jevington is very dangerous when he fancies a representative; so is Gatland; and I could name others to be kept on the right side. Writing of successful trainers reminds me that poor

James Dover Died on Sunday.

Dover was at Newmarket on the Monday of the Cambridgeshire week, but was obliged to return to Ilsley. He never pulled up, and was very weak towards the last. What a time Dover had about 1866, when Mr. Sutton, not yet Sir Richard, was in form, and Mr. Pearson, afterwards General Pearson! I can see as if the horses were racing before me now some of the famous finishes which added to Dover's fame. From memory I can quote the first three in Gardevisure's Cambridgeshire. Nu and Sister to the Drake were the other two placed. It seems but yesterday that we cheered

Lord Lyon, Winner of the Triple Crown.

Though Lord Lyon took Two Thousand Guineas, Derby, and St. Leger, he was not so good as his sister Achievement. Fancy having such a three- and such a two-year-old in one stable! I do not suppose that anyone who saw the Derby struggle between Lord Lyon and the Bribery colt Savernake will forget it; neither their second turn, when once more Lord Lyon beat Lord Ailesbury's champion, although the latter's jockey was changed because Tom French was unjustly blamed for getting beaten in the Derby. So lately as Northampton Meeting Mr. Dover won a race with Rotten Row, but he was of course unable to be present, and many were the kindly inquiries made of his son as to the old gentleman's condition.

So John Jones, the Epsom trainer, has to

Pay £1000,

as, according to a Dublin jury, the law of *caveat emptor* is to govern horse-dealing, no matter what unwritten warranty a seller may give. Jones bought Lord Chatham on the vendor's assurance that the steeplechaser was sound. Jones's "vet" passed the horse sound; but on the following day, when a shoe was removed, it was found that the iron and nails were "faked," so as to hide a hole in the hoof caused by seedy toe. Forthwith Jones wired to declare off, but the plaintiff would keep him on. The Lord Chief Baron summing up said that it was impossible to find a verdict one way or the other without

Convicting Witnesses of Perjury.

Certainly they did swear very hard for and against the plaintiff and defendant. I happen to have employed some of the vets who went all the way to Dublin to give evidence for the defendant, and can say that I would willingly stand on their word. That being so, I am not able to coincide with the jury's ruling, which is that the horse was sound at the time of the sale, or that the defendant, having missed detecting a carefully concealed defect, must abide by his bargain, contracted on the strength of a verbal warranty of soundness.

A day or two ago I was talking to Mr. Jones of Ballarat (which, properly, is Ballaarat), who landed the Melbourne Cup a fortnight or so back with Bravo. He won about £3000 on the race, and out of that gave all but a few hundreds to trainer, rider, and the stable boys. If Bravo had been sound in his feet he would have been in England at the time of the Melbourne Cup's being run for. Had he been sent to race in England he would, probably, have won the Cesarewitch with him, as he could not be handicapped out of that long-distance contest.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME

University Oarsmen

are fond of expatiating upon the delights of winter as compared with summer rowing, and wonder how it is that so little is practised by metropolitan oarsmen. A good many of them very soon find this out for themselves when their happy University career is over, and the unfruitful reality of the Temple and Lincoln's Inn takes the place of college dreams of the woolsack. It is all very well for the collegian, with his time nearly all at his own disposal, to talk glibly of rowing at midday, but before the man of business can reach Putney in the winter months darkness has long set in. Metropolitan rowing can scarcely survive the departure of the long evenings, although clubs do contrive to keep the game alive with members' races. One of the last events of the kind of 1889 was that held last Saturday by the

London Rowing Club,

when four crews contested the race for eights, of which Sketches are given.

The races of the L.R.C. are just now of especial interest. The club has been far too long under a cloud, the old glories connected with the blue with white stripes having passed over to their powerful neighbours and rivals, the Thames Rowing Club, which, for the past two seasons, has literally carried all before it. But the London has great hopes of its junior oarsmen, who, it is anticipated, will, between them, make a good eight next year wherewith to make a bold bid for the

Grand Challenge

at Henley. The second eight showed up very well at that regatta in July last, when, it will be remembered, it was stopped in the final heat through the bow oar striking and killing a young swan that had not yet arrived at that accurate knowledge of the exact length of an oar which is possessed by the older members of the family residing on the Thames to so remarkable an extent.

As has so often been the case in the history of the University Boat-race,

Supremacy in Rowing

is rarely a constant quantity, and no one should be surprised if, in two or three years' time, we find Thames and London changing places, though I am far from prophesying that such will be the case. It says much for the popularity of the London Rowing Club that, in spite of its want of success in recent times, it has large numbers of members, the active portion of which is only too eager to win back for the club its old position at the head of affairs.

It has struck a great many as curious that, so far as the Thames tideway is concerned, really high-class rowing is developed by London and Thames only. These clubs, of course, attract much of the University talent, but, apart from that, they are always capable of making crews out of raw material. Given eight suitable "animals" ("Man's first duty is to be a good animal," said Carlyle), and the London or Thames "coaches" will turn them into a good eight. Why cannot the other tideway clubs do this? The answer seems to be

They Don't Know How,

for instances are not wanting of men who have left the minor clubs, where they have done nothing particular, to develop into fine oarsmen after joining London or Thames. The circumstance is regrettable, because of the paucity of competition which is the necessary consequence, and, with a race less fond of hard work, rowing might well be less prosperous than it is.

This day week the Oxford trial eights will be rowed at Moulsford, and will be closely followed by the Cambridge trials. In both cases the crews promise to be above the average, which is a matter of some importance to Cambridge, with an almost entirely fresh eight to find for next Easter, and in view of the fact that none of last year's trial eight men were found good enough to displace any of the 1888 'Varsity crew. The task which the president, Mr. Muttlebury, has before him is a delicate one, and it would be galling indeed to him to lose the

Last Race

in which he will take part for Cambridge. It is difficult to see how Oxford can have a bad eight next year, if all the best men now rowing are then available.

The Henley regatta balance-sheet just issued gives the gratifying information that £2905s. 5d. has been added to the reserve fund, which, in consequence, now amounts to within a few pounds of £800, while a useful balance of £165 (less one penny) is carried over. The subscriptions and donations reached the good total of £725 17s., and several of the house-boats came down handsomely. Two items do not look at all well when placed in juxtaposition. They are: "Entrance fees, £145 19s.," and "Prizes, £174 17s. 6d." With a profit on the regatta of well over £300, it does not seem very liberal treatment to the competitors to give them back, in the shape of prizes, actually less than they paid in fees. I see that £106 was paid for the hire of the stand. I should have thought that sum would have paid for the indifferent structure outright.

Everyone will learn with regret that Searle, the champion sculler of the world, arrived home in Australia severely ill with

Typhoid Fever.

An attack of this dreadful malady may have a very serious effect upon Searle's constitution, and, therefore, upon his future sculling prospects.

Gymnastics

are, very properly, receiving attention, and it will be a good thing when every town has its gymnastic club, where every youth may undergo a physical education in every way as methodical and carefully progressive as his mental training at school. The idea of gymnastics is not to become a Sandow or a champion triple bar performer, but to develop the body so that a healthy life may be enjoyed to the full. It is in towns particularly that the need for these institutions exists. I have known many a constitution wavering on the border-line of incipient consumption completely saved by the German and other gymnastic societies. The German Gymnastic Society, by the way, holds its annual

Display

on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of the week after next. This entertainment is one of the most interesting of its kind.

On paper the victory of Cambridge University Rugby fifteen over Blackheath by a goal (from a try) to nothing looks well for them in view of their match with Oxford, who were beaten by Blackheath, but the fact was that, during the greater portion of the match, Blackheath were without A. O. Hubbard, who was injured, while the try was obtained a very short time only before the call of "no side." I am of opinion that the Rugby match between

Oxford and Cambridge

will this season be a much more evenly played one than that of last year, when Cambridge won easily.

Preston North End have regained the lead in the

Football League

competition. Their points are 18, Everton coming second with 17. The Wolverhampton Wanderers are third, with 15, while Aston Villa, the Blackburn Rovers, and Derby County tie with 13 each.

Cross-Country Running

is now in full swing, and one of the contests which the Universities now annually have with a few London clubs took place at Cambridge on Saturday, the visitors being the Blackheath Harriers. The contest was a very close one, for, though a Harrier won and also had third and fourth man, the Cantabs followed them so closely that the Londoners won by three points only, their score being 25 to 29. These contests with the Oxford and Cambridge Hare and Hounds are of great assistance to the very healthy sport of paper-chasing, though the paper is, nowadays, often conspicuous by its absence.

Billiards have produced no

Sensational Breaks,

and Roberts has been somewhat out of form, his play presenting a great contrast to that he exhibited when playing against Mitchell. The breaks he made on that occasion are worth recording, for it is doubtful if even this great player has before compiled such a series. There were four over 300—viz. 375, 363, 339, and 318; and five over 200—viz. 255, 226, 221, 215, 210, and 200. Besides these he made 195, 183, 166, 163, 161, 160, 156, 152, 146, 142, 140, 134, 134, 130, 127, 125, 125, 121, 117, 115, 114, 112, 112, 112, 108, 107, 104, 102. Thus, in 12,000 up he made thirty-eight breaks of over one hundred, totalling 5476.

BANSHEE.

OUR DONEGAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

Our Correspondent obtained the photographs of Father M'Fadden, Derrybeg Chapel, and a group of Donegal peasantry from Mr. Grass, the Londonderry photographer. But we have received a letter from Mr. A. Banks, photographer, 65, Market-street, Manchester, stating that the portrait and views are from his photographs. It is the custom for photographers readily to grant us permission to reproduce their views, and we are always thankful for their courtesy.

The Duke of Westminster Opens his Purse.—The Duke of Westminster, on behalf of a committee of which he is chairman, has written to the County Council asking them to accept the Royal Victoria Gardens (late North Woolwich Gardens) as a recreation-ground for the public, the gardens having been purchased at a cost of £19,000, to which a further expense of £1500 has been added, of which latter amount the Council are asked to contribute the sum of £1000. But (in view of Sir Edward Guinness's noble gift) surely the Duke himself might make up the £1000 wanted.

Royal Victoria Hall and Coffee Tavern, Waterloo Bridge-road, S.E.—High-class variety entertainments continue to be given at the above hall on Saturdays and Mondays, science lectures on Tuesdays, and on Thursdays either a ballad or an operatic selection concert. The concert on Thursday, Dec. 5 will consist of selections from the "Rose of Castille."

Tobacconists Commencing.—See Illus. Guide, 229 pages, 3 stamps. Tobacconists' Outfitting Company (Reg.), 11 and 12, Beech-street, London, E.C. Wholesale.—[Advt.]

Fits.—Epilepsy or Falling Sickness.—If you want to be permanently and speedily cured of this distressing complaint, write to the Secretary, Burwood House, Burwood-place, Hyde Park, London, and he will send you "Gratis" full instructions for cure, and advice on diet.—[Advt.]

The Christmas Number of "Mrs. Leach's Family Dressmaker" contains an Extra Coloured Supplement of Fancy Costumes and Hints for Christmas Parties, Cookery, Toilet, and useful Information. Price 2d.—A lady, writing on dressmaking, says: "I am now my own dressmaker, thanks to the dressmaking lessons in Mrs. Leach's books." Also "Mrs. Leach's Children's Dressmaker," which contains illustrations for girls and young ladies of all ages, with a paper pattern and full instructions for making plain and fancy costumes. Price 1d. All newsagents. The two books, post-free, five stamps. Mrs. Leach, 8, Johnson's-court, Fleet-street, London.—[Advt.]

Though you:—
Rub! Rub! Rub!
And you:—
Scrub! Scrub! Scrub!
You'll find that
It's not in your power
In the old-fashioned way
To do in a day
What Hudson's ..
Will do in an hour.
Linen, Shirts, Collars, Sheets, Table-Cloths, &c., keep at good colour if washed regularly with Hudson's Extract of Soap.—A pure, dry Soap in fine powder. Hudson's leaves no smell.—[Advt.]

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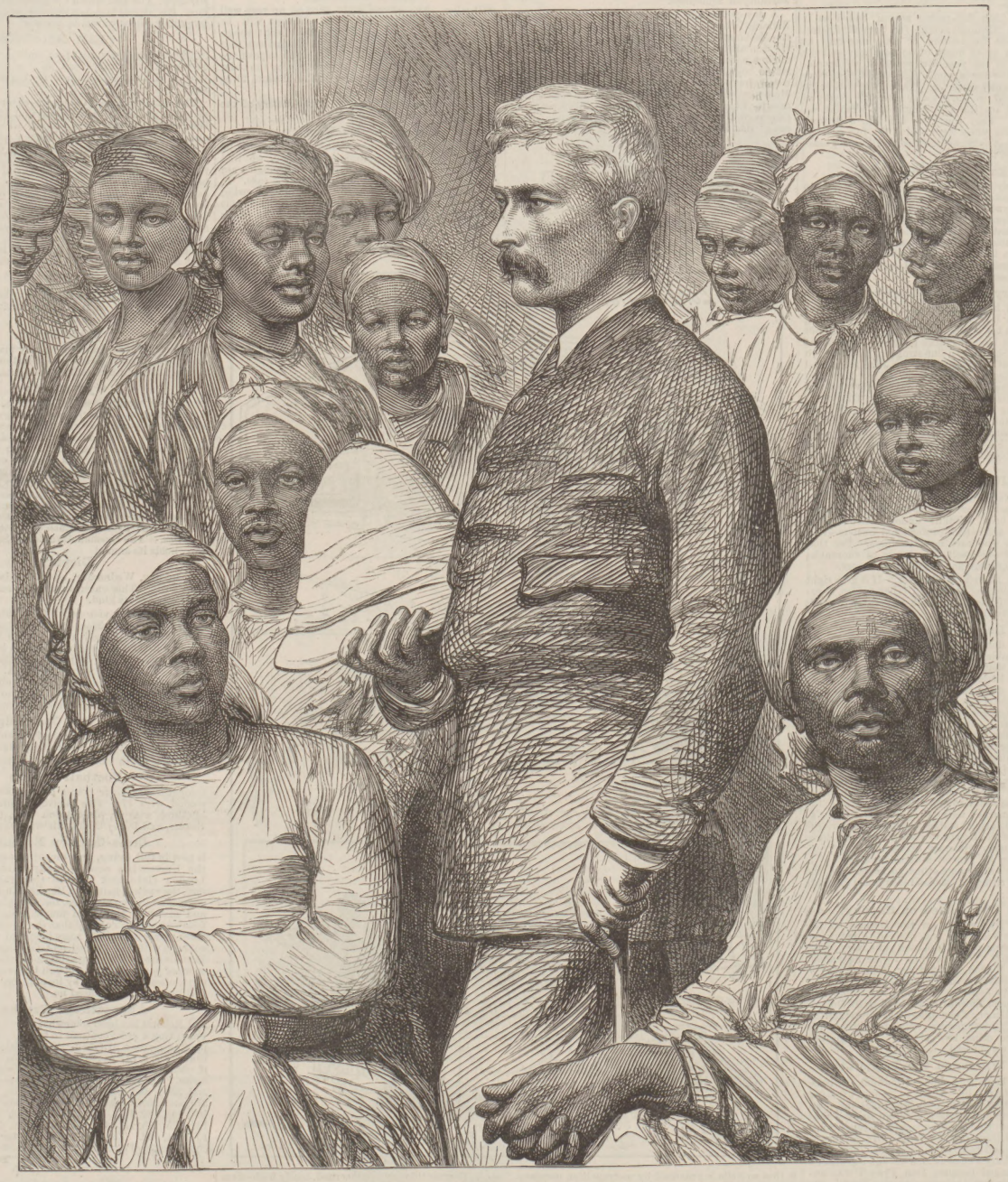


HENRY M. STANLEY AND SOME OF HIS NATIVE FOLLOWERS.

STANLEY'S RESCUE OF EMIN PASHA.

"The Prompter" having outlined the brilliant career of Mr. Henry M. Stanley, we need here only express the general feeling of satisfaction at the success of his daring expedition to relieve Emin Pasha and his garrison, and proceed to summarise the latest letters of the distinguished explorer all England is waiting to welcome again with great heartiness. A long and most interesting letter from Mr. Stanley to the Emin Relief Committee was published last Monday. It is dated from Kafurro, Arab Settlement, Karagwé, Aug. 5, 1889. It will be recollected that in the spring of last year Mr. Stanley, having left one of his officers, Mr. Mounteney Jephson, in company with

Emin Pasha at Wadelai,

and another, Lieutenant Stairs, in garrison at a fort some distance west of the Albert Nyanza, returned to pick up the scattered remnant of his rearguard. With the expedition reinforced and reorganised, Mr. Stanley set out again on his old route along the Aruwimi or Ituri River.

Fighting their Way,

mile by mile, now against the fierce Manyema, now against the legions of cunning, determined Dwarfs, now against the savage barriers of the forest, Mr. Stanley and his motley train of Soudanese, Zanzibaris, and Somali porters struggled on. Sickness fell on them and decimated the band, and discouragement and demoralisation weighed upon them. The expedition was literally starving. About half the able-bodied men, under some of the native chiefs, were sent back to forage; but for eight days nothing was heard of them, and

Mr. Stanley, Mr. Bonny,

and a hundred and thirty men were reduced to feeding on a thin gruel made of butter and flour and water. The return of the foraging party, when it did come, was only just in time. "This," says Mr. Stanley, "was the nearest approach to actual starvation in all my African experience." The subsequent struggles were of a different character. Quitting the great forest, the travellers came to the region of fertile grass land which extends westward from Lake Albert Nyanza. Provisions were now plentiful, and the tribes of the locality were peaceful, and even friendly. Without further difficulty the expedition made its way to Fort Bobo, where

Lieutenant Stairs

had been left with fifty-nine men. The garrison was safe and in fair condition, but nothing had been heard of Emin Pasha and Jephson.

Mr. Stanley, it will be remembered, had arranged with Emin—or, perhaps, had recommended to the Pasha—that he should leave Wadelai, with such of his officers and followers who were willing to accompany him, and effect a junction with Lieutenant Stairs at Fort Bobo, whence the united forces should travel to the southern shore of the Albert Nyanza, and await the approach of the main body of the rescuers at a place called Kavalli, on the shores of that inland sea. But instead of meeting Emin or Jephson in this neighbourhood, Mr. Stanley found only a native messenger, with letters from the latter gentleman containing the startling news that

A Rebellion had Occurred

in the Equatorial Province, that the Egyptian troops had revolted, that Emin Pasha was no longer able to command their allegiance, and that in the midst of this disaster the province had suddenly been attacked by the Mahdists, who had already won some signal successes, and were sending to Khartoum for large reinforcements. Mr. Jephson further added that he and Emin were practically prisoners in the hands of the insurgents, though so great was the affection which the Pasha had inspired in the troops that the rebel leaders were not permitted to offer him any injury or serious indignity.

Emin Pasha Joins Stanley.

"On the 13th February [Mr. Stanley was at length able to write] a native courier appeared in camp with a letter from Emin Pasha with news which electrified us. He was actually at anchor just below our plateau camp. 'With two steamers, carrying a first lot of people desirous to leave this country under your escort. With me,' Emin wrote, 'there are some twelve officers anxious to see you, and only forty soldiers. They have come under my orders to request you to give them some time to bring their brothers—at least such as are willing to leave—from Wadelai, and I promised them to do my best to assist them. I hope sincerely that the great difficulties you have had to undergo, and the great sacrifices made by your expedition, in its way to assist us, may be rewarded by a full success in bringing out my people. The wave of insanity which overran the country has subsided, and of such people as are now coming with me we may be sure. Permit me to express to you once more my cordial thanks for whatever you have done for us until now, and believe me to be, yours very faithfully, Dr. Emin.'"

On Tuesday last was published another interesting and graphic letter from Mr. Stanley, dated Aug. 5, twelve days later than the above-mentioned despatch to the Emin Relief Committee. Mr. Stanley tells of the meeting with Emin Pasha, and of the latter's unwavering faith in his followers, the greater number of whom eventually deserted their brave leader, and remained behind in the country. Various conspiracies were discovered, and finally the homeward march was begun, the combined expedition numbering 1500. The wonderful country, with its deadly plain, where numbers were left behind through fever, and the great snowy mountain range, is then described.

Letter from Emin Pasha.

Emin Pasha has addressed to Professor Schweinfurth a letter, which was read at a meeting of the Berlin Geographical Society on Saturday evening. The following is a translation :—

"English Mission Station, Ussambiro, on the Victoria Nyanza, Aug. 28, 1889.

"Mr. Stanley, with his men and the handful that have come with me, have just arrived here, and I hasten to send you, who have always shown me so much kindness and interest, these few lines, in the first place as a simple sign that I am alive. If, as I hope, we should stay here for a few days, I shall probably be able to write you in greater detail, though I am half blind. A military revolution in my own province, Mr. Jephson's and my confinement in Dufile, the arrival of the Mahdists at Lado, and the capture and destruction of Redjaf, the massacre of the officers and soldiers sent against them, our departure to Wadelai and Tunguru, the attack of the Mahdist on Dufile and their signal defeat, our final junction with Mr. Stanley, and the march from the Albert Nyanza hither, geographically and otherwise so highly interesting—all this I hope to tell you fully in some leisurely evening hours. I have also some interesting plants for you. May I beg you to give my kindest regards to Messrs. Junker, Ratzel, Supan, and Hassenstein? I shall try to write—but my eyes! Accept my best regards, and believe me to be, your sincerely devoted EMIN."

"BILLY," PET DEER OF THE 14TH (PRINCE OF WALES'S OWN) REGIMENT.

Stanley's Letter to Mr. Marston.

Mr. Marston, of the firm of Sampson Low, Marston, and Co., has received the following very interesting letter from Mr. Stanley :—

"C.M.S. Station, South End Victoria Nyanza, Sept. 3, 1889.

"My dear Marston,—It just now appears such an age to me since I left England. Ages have gone by since I saw you, surely. . . . The bare catalogue of incidents would fill several quires of foolscap, catalogue of skirmishes would be of respectable length, catalogue of adventures, accidents, mortalities, sufferings from fever, morbid musings over mischances that meet us daily, would make a formidable list.

The 'Dead Black.'

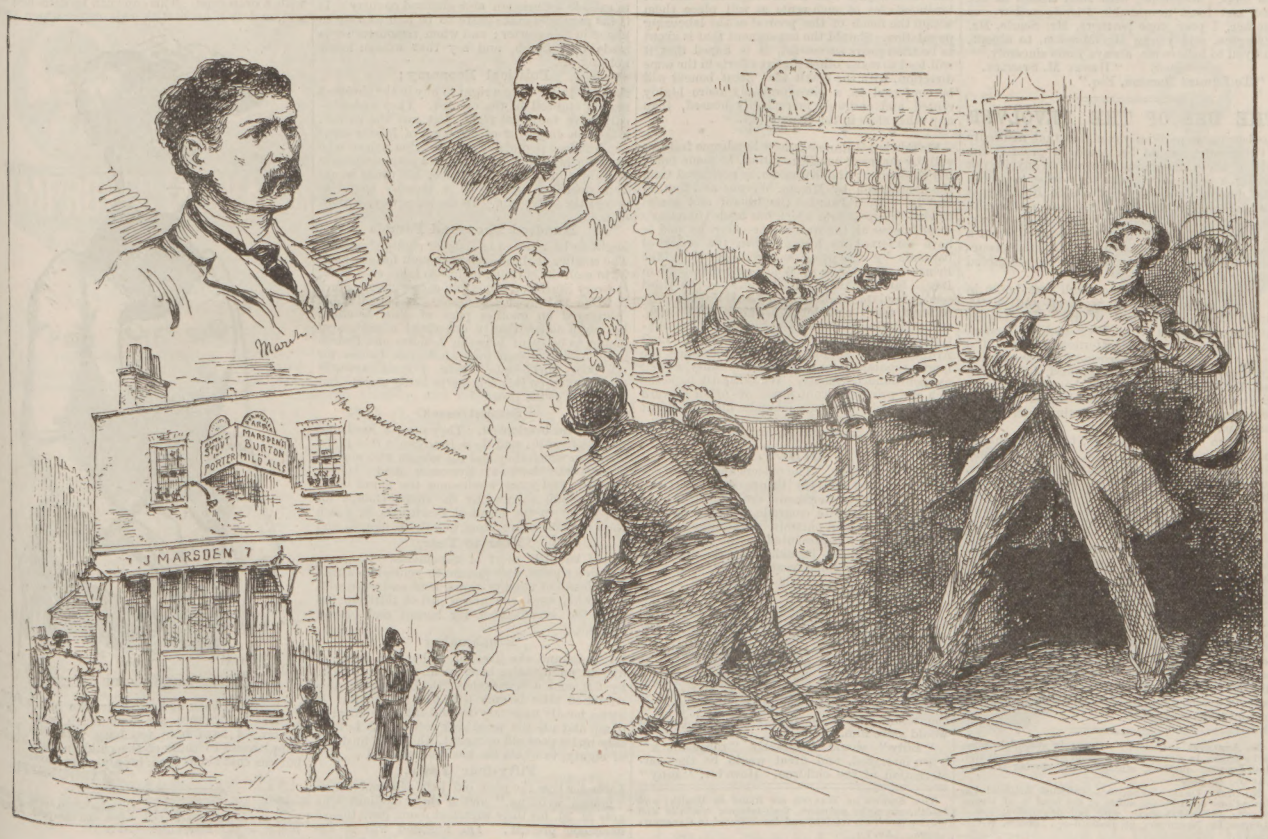
"You know that all the stretch of country between Yambuya to this place was an absolutely new country, except what may be measured by five ordinary marches. First, there is that dead white of the map now changed to a dead black—I mean that darkest region of the earth confined between E. Long. 25 deg. and E. Long. 29 deg. 45 min., one great compact, remorselessly sullen forest, the growth of an untold number of ages, swarming at stated intervals with immense numbers of vicious, man-eating savages and crafty, undersized men, who were unceasing in their annoyance. Then there is that belt of grass land lying between it and the Albert Nyanza, whose people contested every mile of advance with spirit, and made us think that they were guardians of some priceless treasure hidden on the Nyanza shores, or at war with Emin Pasha and his thousands. A Sir Percival in search of the Holy Grail could not have met with hotter opposition. Three separate times necessity compelled us to traverse this unholy region, with varying fortunes. Incidents often crowded fast. Emin Pasha was a prisoner, an officer of ours was his forced companion, and it really appeared as though we were to be added to the list, but there is a virtue, you know, even in striving unyieldingly, in hardening the nerve and facing these ever-clinging mischances, without paying too much heed to the reputed danger. One is assisted much by knowing that there is no other course, and the danger somehow, nine times out of ten, diminishes.

Traitors Without and Within.

"The rebels of Emin Pasha's Government relied on their craft and the wiles of the heathen Chinee, and it is rather amusing now to look back and note how punishment has fallen on them. Was it Providence, or luck? Let those who love to analyse such matters reflect on it. Traitors without the camp and traitors within were watched, and the most active conspirator was discovered, tried, and hanged, the traitors without fell afoul of one another, and ruined themselves. If not luck, then it is surely Providence, in answer to good men's prayers far away. Our own people, tempted by extreme wretchedness and misery, sold our rifles and ammunition to our natural enemies, the Manyema slave-traders—true fiends, without the least grace in either their bodies or souls. What happy influence was it that restrained me from destroying all those concerned in it? Each time I read the story of Captain Nelson's and Surgeon Parke's sufferings, I feel vexed at my forbearance, and yet, again, I feel thankful, for a Higher Power than man's severely afflicted the cold-blooded murderers by causing them to feed upon one another a few weeks after the rescue and relief of Nelson and Parke. The memory of those days alternately

SIR EDWARD GUINNESS,

THE CHEERFUL GIVER OF A QUARTER OF A MILLION STERLING FOR THE LONDON AND DUBLIN POOR.



PISTOL-FIRING EPIDEMIC: FATAL AFFRAY AT THE DURWESTON ARMS, LITTLE DURWESTON-STREET, MARYLEBONE.

hardens and unmans me. With the rescue of the Pasha, poor old Casati, and those who preferred Egypt's flesh-pots to the coarse plenty of the province near the Nyanza, we returned, and, while we were patiently waiting, the doom of the rebels was consummated.

'Blessed Civilisation.'

"Since that time of anxiety and unhappy outlook I have been at the point of death from a dreadful illness; the strain had been too much, and for twenty-eight days I lay helpless, tended by the kindly and skilful hand of Surgeon Parke. Then, little by little, I gathered strength, and ordered the march for home. Discovery after discovery in the wonderful region was made—the snowy range of Ruevenzoni, the 'Cloud King' or 'Rain Creator,' the Semliki River, the Albert Edward Nyanza, the plains of Usongora, the salt lakes of Kative, the new peoples, Wakonju of the Great Mountains, the dwellers of the rich forest region, the Awamba, the fine-featured Wasongora, the Wanyora bandits, and then the Lake Albert Edward tribes, and the shepherd race of the eastern uplands, the Wanyankori, besides the Wanyaruwamba and the Wazinja—until at last we came to a church, whose cross dominated a Christian settlement, and we knew that we had reached the outskirts of blessed civilisation. . . .

"I hear there is great trouble, war, &c., between the Germans and Arabs of Zanzibar. What influence this may have on our fortunes I do not know, but we trust nothing to interrupt the march to the sea, which will be begun in a few days. Meantime, with such wishes as the best and most inseparable friends endow one another, I pray your partners, Mr. Searle, Mr. Rivington, and young Mr. Marston, to accept, and you to believe me, always yours sincerely,

(Signed) "HENRY M. STANLEY.

"To Edward Marston, Esq."

THE USE OF THE REVOLVER

has become so perilously common that assuredly a Police edict should be issued to prohibit the sale of these dangerous firearms to anyone not having a reasonable claim to possess a pistol. The deplorable shooting of Judge Bristowe at Nottingham by the man Arnemann on Nov. 19 was speedily succeeded by a lamentable affray, in which a pistol was fired with fatal effect in a small Marylebone beer-house. The latter occurrence took place the very day after the attempted murder of Judge Bristowe.

The Durweston Arms is a small beer-house in a mews between Crawford-street and York-street, Marylebone, one of the most densely populated quarters of the West-end of London. About five o'clock on the afternoon of Nov. 20 a young man named Butcher went to the Durweston Arms to receive from the landlord, John Marsden, the winnings of a certain horse in a recent race which Butcher said he had backed. Several men were in the house at the time, including a man named James Marsh.

William Charles Crutchley, tobacco-moulder, said he was in the Durweston Arms at the time. Some men in the bar wrangled about some money, and the prisoner said he would not give it to them, and one of the men said that if he did not he would get over the bar and pull his liver out. The prisoner would not yield, and a man called Bullock opened the flap of the bar-counter with the intention of assaulting Marsden. The latter said he must protect himself, and fired a shot. A large piece of wood was thrown over the bar at Marsden, and a second shot was fired. In the witness's opinion the second shot would not have been fired but for the wood being thrown over. A man in the bar, whose name was Marsh, fell to the ground on the second shot being fired. The witness saw the man was bleeding, and tried to get a doctor, but did not succeed. Alfred Arthur Butcher, a commission agent, gave his account of the affair, and prisoner was remanded.

TO ATHLETES.—CADBURY'S COCOA is absolutely pure, and contains, in a concentrated form, admirable nutritive, flesh-forming qualities, strength, and staying power.—[ADVT.]

NO MORE DEAF.—Nicholson's Patented Artificial Ear Drums cure deafness and noises in the head in all stages. 80-page Illustrated Book, with full description, free.—Address, Dr. NICHOLSON, 21, Bedford-sq., London, W.C.—[ADVT.]

SIR E. GUINNESS'S GIFT.

WE have much pleasure in publishing a portrait of Sir Edward Guinness, whose munificent gift of £250,000 to provide better dwellings for the poor of London and Dublin has won for him golden opinions from all sorts and conditions of men. This magnificent sum of a Quarter of a Million sterling has been placed by Sir Edward Guinness in the hands of Lord Rowton, Mr. Ritchie, and Mr. Plunket, to be held by them, in trust, for the erection of dwellings for the labouring poor. Of this amount £200,000 is to be expended in London and £50,000 in Dublin. The income derived from the rents of the houses is to be reinvested with a view to the further development of the scheme.

* * * * *

In a communication he has made to the trustees Sir Edward Guinness has informed them that he has long felt the gravity of the evils which follow from the insanitary nature of the houses inhabited by large numbers of the poorest of the labouring classes, and that the object he has in view is to provide clean and healthy homes for people somewhat poorer than those who, as experience proves, at present avail themselves of the existing artisans' dwellings, and to show that this can be done on a sound financial basis.

* * * * *

After considerable inquiry and consultation with the gentlemen who have consented to act as trustees, and with various authorities on the subject, Sir E. Guinness has reason to believe that this object can be accomplished and the tenements let at such rents as will place them within the reach of the poorest of the labouring population. Should the experiment that is about to be tried prove successful, it is hoped that it will lead to many other similar efforts in the same direction, with the result that great benefit will be conferred on a class probably more highly rented, and certainly more badly housed, than any other class in the community.

* * *

Sir Edward Guinness, whose handsome features will, by means of our Illustration, be made familiar throughout the Kingdom, is portrayed from the photograph by Messrs. Werner and Son, of Dublin. Sir Edward—the liberal and genial head of the great firm which has made Guinness's stout famous all the world over—may be said to have conferred an honour upon the order of baronets by accepting a baronetcy when the Prince and Princess of Wales visited Ireland in 1885. Sir Edward Cecil Guinness is the third son of the late Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness, who restored the venerable Cathedral of St. Patrick, and otherwise benefited Dublin during his lifetime; and Sir Edward is the brother of Lord Ardilaun, who so magnificently maintains the family reputation for splendid hospitality, as well as open-handed charity. We earnestly hope the rich and privileged contemporaries of Sir Edward Guinness will promptly emulate his benevolent action.

"BILLY."

ALAS! Poor Billy! The officers and men of the 1st Battalion of the 14th (Prince of Wales's Own) West Yorkshire Regiment are mourning the death of a favourite comrade, who deserves an obituary notice and portrait. This fine specimen of Indian deer was presented to the regiment in November 1878, at Ranikhet, by the Rajah of Kashipur. For some years "Billy" used to march at the head of the regiment in charge of two drummer boys. At tennis-parties, cricket-matches, and other festive meetings he was always to be found in the vicinity of the officers' marquee. As he had a great liking for sugar, "Billy" was apt on these occasions to make himself rather a nuisance, for, in quest of his lump of sugar, he would upset anything which lay in his way; and he was obstinate at times, when he would get himself entangled in the tennis-net, or in tent ropes, and nothing would move him.

"Billy" would frequently "run-a-muck" when annoyed, and great would be the consternation of the children. However, "Billy" never did anyone a serious injury. Of late, being in failing health, his appearances on parade have been less frequent. At the beginning of October poor "Billy" got an injury to his spine; and, after a few days of intense suffering, the order for his death was most reluctantly given. His keeper was inconsolable, and vowed vengeance on the perpetrator of the horrid deed, as it was found "Billy's" back had been broken by a blow. A stone at the Old Barracks, Fermoy, marks his last resting-place, with this inscription: "Billy served in 14th Regiment—Nov. 1878 to Oct. 1889."

THE SINEWS OF WEALTH are found in Health; and health, strength, nutritive, flesh-forming qualities and staying power are retained and concentrated in CADBURY'S COCOA.—[ADVT.]

LIFE OF A POOR LONDON SEMPSTRESS.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

I WAS at a concert a few afternoons ago at one of the many public halls in London, and, as is usual in the afternoon, the attendance consisted for the most part of ladies. The weather was cold and dreary outside, and the majority of these ladies wore

Warm Fur-lined or Wadded

cloaks, and as I looked at them I could not help thinking of the poor workwomen in the rotten, evil-smelling rooms in the slums of the East-End, who make these warm cloaks for five or, at most, sixpence each. Just think of this seriously. Look at the size and weight of these garments, and contrast with them the

Hours and Hours

of weary toil to earn five pennies! It is shameful that such a state of things should be allowed to exist in a Christian and civilised country. It is the men who make haste to be rich who are to blame in this matter; and when remonstrance is made they laugh, and say that women know nothing of

Political Economy;

that capitalists have a right to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest. They undoubtedly have the legal right, but not the moral; and if an employer of any kind of labour earns one hundred pounds by grinding down those who work for him, when, by paying a poor sempstress a shilling instead of fivepence, his profit would be reduced to eighty, he is morally bound to accept the latter sum. In the same way, a profit of a

Hundred Thousand Pounds

ought to be reduced to sixty or eighty thousand. The smaller of those sums is enough for any man, if, to gain the surplus, he has to take, as it were, the very life-blood of his fellow-creatures. Since I wrote last week a generous Irish gentleman (portrayed on another page of this Number) has given no less than a quarter of a million of money to be spent between London and Dublin in providing decent and wholesome houses for the poor workpeople. Now, I most earnestly hope that when this scheme is being carried out the wants of the poor

Sempstresses

will not be overlooked. They have a hard and weary life of it; and there is no doubt that if the homes in which they and the women who work at other trades have to live were made better, brighter, and more wholesome, the moral influence brought to bear by the simple change for the better in the physical conditions in which their days are spent from month to month, and

Year to Year,

would be little short of miraculous. Listen to this description, and picture to yourselves a frail old woman of seventy-three, bent and worn with toil, who, since she was a girl of thirteen, has been the breadwinner for herself and others. She is a

Brushmaker

by trade, and she lives, or, rather, she does not die, in an upstairs back room, measuring 10 ft. by 6 ft. and a few inches; the ceiling of this wretched attic is only 6 ft. 6 in. in height. It seems hardly necessary to add that the room is damp and all the woodwork rotten. It is kept tidy by its poor old occupant, who has a husband of eighty, to whom she has been married

Fifty-four Years.

I wonder how the poor old pair celebrated their "golden wedding," and if their landlord, who gets 2s. 3d. for their wretched room, gave them a handsome present? The husband was in the Navy in the reign of King William IV. When he left the service he and his wife—they had no children, happily—made picture-frames for a living, but, for some years past, she has been a brushmaker. When her eyes were sharp and her

Hands were Nimble

she could make a dozen brushes in the day by working fourteen hours; at seventy-three she can only make six; in each brush there are 300 holes, and she gets for making them—now, what do you think?—1s. 2d. a dozen! Sevenpence a day is all she earns, and the brushes she makes are sold in first-class shops for from 3s 6d. to 4s. 6d. each. Still more shocking is the fact that in a garret, in New Nichol-street, measuring 9 ft. by 7 ft. and with a sloping ceiling, a man and woman with three children spend all their days and nights. For this damp,

Miserable Hole,

made more wretched by a chimney that will not draw, 2s. 9d. a week is paid, and the husband and wife earn their living by making the pretty and dainty little silk and satin slippers we see in first-class shops. By working sixteen hours a day the pair make between them seventeen or, at most, eighteen shillings a week, and out of that handsome sum they have to find the paste, hemp-paper, wax, screws, &c. In another damp, rotten,

Rat-haunted

room not far off, for which three shillings a week is paid, a poor woman works at boot box-making, for which she gets two shillings and threepence a gross. These facts speak for themselves, and, if all the Political Economists in the world were to rise up to refute me, I maintain that Christian England is disgraced by such a state of things in her midst. I know the population is too large, I know the working people marry too young; but, as we cannot kill off the old and

Maimed and the Miserable,

we are bound not to allow moral, as well as physical, contagion to be spread by keeping them in homes in which it is impossible to observe the common decencies of life.

A Tailor-made Jacket.

I most earnestly hope that the very pretty tailor-made jacket I reproduce this week from the *Lady's Pictorial* of Nov. 23 did not pass through the hands of a sweater's victim. But, as it came from the establishment of Mr. C. W. Davis, the well-known ladies' tailor, of 52, Portland-street, I think we need have no fear on that score. The jacket is made of dark-blue cloth, and is cut in the popular

Portland Shape.

This pattern, being double-breasted, is very becoming to the figure, and the large buttons with which it is fastened are very effective, if, also, rather mannish. The deep roll collar, which is, to my taste, so much more becoming than the high affair covering half the head behind, is made of astrachan, and the same fur is also used to trim the front of the jacket and to border the pockets. Mr. Davis also supplies a very smart and well-cut

Ulster

with a deep cape. This cape can be detached at will, and it is made with wide revers which can be buttoned back so as to leave the hands free. Ulsters with capes are very much worn this winter. I have been too busy with the poor sempstresses to think of the children this week, but our chat about them is only postponed.

MARGUERITE.

PRETTY TAILOR-MADE JACKET.

TO DARKEN GREY HAIR.—LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER is the quickest, best, safest, and cheapest. Large Bottles, 1s. 6d. Everywhere.—[ADVT.]

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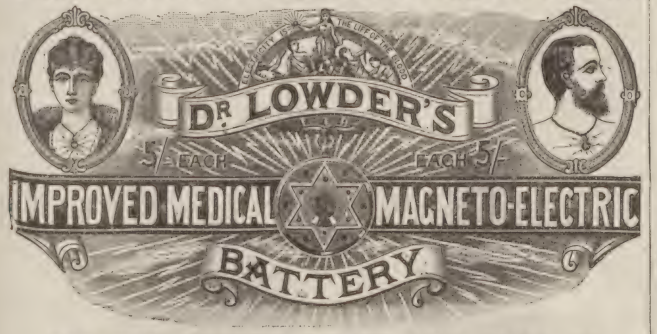
THE GREAT HEALTH RESTORER.



FOR THE SPEEDY RELIEF AND CURE OF

Liver Complaint, Indigestion, Debility, Fever, Rheumatism, Swollen Joints, Paralysis, Nervousness, Skin Diseases, Heartburn, Weak Stomach, Spinal Disease, Neuralgia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Pimples, Blotches, All Complaints arising from Disorders of the Blood, Impaired Vitality, and Weak Circulation.

DR. W. H. MILLS, F.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.,

Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, London; and Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh, writes:

"I have worn DR. LOWDER'S BATTERY, and have experienced great relief and comfort from it. I used to have headaches more or less constantly; since wearing it I have scarcely had a touch of it. I also suffered from severe pains in my back, which have also left me."

INDIGESTION AND LIVER COMPLAINT.

"Dear Sir,—I am thankful to say that the benefit I have derived from the Battery is somewhat marvellous. I have been under the doctor's care for some years without receiving any permanent relief, suffering from indigestion, loss of appetite, severe pains and stiffness after eating anything, and not able to do any housework at all. Now I can go about my usual work without any suffering, and experience no pain, my appetite has increased, and all signs of indigestion have disappeared.—Believe me to remain, yours thankfully, SARAH LEECE, 2, York-street, Huddersfield."

NEURALGIA AND TOOTHACHE.

"Gentlemen,—The Battery you sent has done me a great deal of good. I was suffering from Neuralgia, but since wearing it I have been almost entirely free.—I remain, yours truly, C. BARKER, 25, Queen's-terrace, Otley."

SKIN DISEASES.

"Dear Sir,—Respecting the Battery I purchased of you, I have been troubled for a long time past with pimples and blotches on my face, back, and chest. I have tried various methods for curing them, but they have entirely failed. I have now worn your Battery a fortnight, and am pleased to say the places are almost entirely gone.—I remain, yours faithfully, F. SWEET, South-street, Crewkerne."

BRONCHITIS AND HEART DISEASE.

"Dear Sir,—I am most happy to say that the Battery I received from you a few weeks ago has quite relieved me in my breathing. I have not had one bad night since I wore it, and before I quite dreaded the thoughts of going to bed. Sometimes I used to sit up all night by the fire. I enclose Postal Order for 10s., for which kindly send me, by return, two Batteries for friends of mine.—Yours truly, A. SMITH, Stationer, Addingham, viâ Leeds."

SICK HEADACHES.

"Dear Sirs,—The Battery you sent me last week has done me a great amount of good. I have suffered greatly for six months from noises and pains in my head, and could scarcely ever get a night's rest. I have tried various doctors, but they did me no good. I have now worn your Battery one week, but it has very nearly cured me. I shall ever feel it my duty to recommend them to all.—Yours truly, ALICE HESKETH, 53, Higher Eanam, Blackburn."

RHEUMATISM.

"Dear Sir,—I ought to have written to you long ago to thank you for the Batteries. One of them has relieved my mother, who has suffered for many years from Rheumatism; the other I have worn. I had Chronic Laryngitis; but, thanks to your Battery, my voice is now quite strong.—I remain, yours truly, ISABEL FOX, 9, Clyde-road, Albert Park, Didsbury."

IF YOU ARE SUFFERING from disease of any kind, no matter what it may be, we earnestly advise you to give Dr. Lowder's Battery a trial: it may do you an endless amount of good, and it cannot possibly harm you. In severe and obstinate cases it has been found necessary to wear two or even three Batteries, especially where the disease or complaint is of long standing. All correspondence is treated as strictly confidential, and advice is given gratis and sent free per post.

One Battery, 5s.; Two for 9s.; Three for 12s. 6d., post-free. Address:

THE MAGNETO-ELECTRIC BATTERY COMPANY, IMPERIAL MANSIONS, OXFORD-STREET, LONDON. (Opposite Tottenham-court-road.)

P.O.s to be made payable at the General Post Office, and should be crossed "& Co." for safety.

N.B.—Kindly mention this Paper when replying.

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65 & 64, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

£5. The CHEAPSIDE ¾-plate KEYLESS LEVER WATCH, with CHRONOMETER BALANCE, and jewelled in thirteen actions, in strong silver case, with crystal glass. The Cheapest watch ever produced. Air, damp, and dust tight. Free and safe per post, for £5.

£15. In return for Post Office Order, free and safe by post, one of BENNETT'S GENTLEMEN'S GOLD KEYLESS LEVER WATCHES, with CHRONOMETER BALANCE, and jewelled in thirteen actions; in all respects a thoroughly sound, useful watch. Sir JOHN BENNETT, Ltd., 65 & 64, Cheapside.

£10. In return for a £10 Note, free and safe per post, one of BENNETT'S LADIES' GOLD KEYLESS HALF-HUNTING WATCHES. Perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air-tight, damp-tight, and dust-tight. Gold Chains at manufacturers' prices.

£5. From £5, free and safe per post, one of BENNETT'S LADIES' GOLD KEYLESS WATCHES. Perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air-tight, damp-tight, and dust-tight. Gold Chains at manufacturers' prices.

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EVERY KIND OF JEWELLERY.

LADIES' GOLD NECKLETS, GUARDS, and ALBERT CHAINS, from £2.
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GENTLEMEN'S GOLD ALBERT CHAINS, in all patterns and qualities, from £4.
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GOLD LOCKETS MOUNTED WITH PRECIOUS STONES.
LADIES' GEM, KEEPER, and WEDDING RINGS.
A large assortment from £1.

£25. The "SIR JOHN." A STANDARD GOLD KEYLESS ¾-PLATE HALF-CHRONOMETER WATCH, accurately timed for all climates. Jewelled in thirteen actions. In massive 18-carat case, with Monogram richly emblazoned. Free and safe per post.

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SIR JOHN BENNETT, LTD.,

Watch, Clock, and Jewellery Manufacturers, 65 & 64, Cheapside, London.

LONDON RAMBLES.—No. VIII.

If you have rambled with me to the Inns of Court and to the taverns of Old London, if you are somewhat of an antiquity-hunter, fond of exploring London in quest of the relics of old time, you are sure sooner or later—if you have not already—to find your way to the

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S CHURCH, WEST SMITHFIELD.

Old Churches,

so picturesque not only in themselves, but in the strong contrast they make with the modern world that has grown up around them. Like the "London Antiques" Washington Irving loved so to study, "they are principally to be found in the depths of the City, swallowed up and almost lost in a wilderness of brick and mortar; but deriving poetical and romantic interest from the commonplace prosaic world around them."

Only recently I chanced to be walking along Little Britain, "the heart's core of the City, the stronghold of true John Bullism", sacred, too, to the memory of Coleridge and Lamb, who often tripped past in their yellow stockings and little blue skirts from near Christ's Hospital, and my walk led me naturally into the

Church of St. Bartholomew-the-Great,

which of all others has that poetry which Washington Irving thinks is lent by the proximity of the commonplaceness of modern every-day life. For it is in Smithfield, now given over to the most material needs of the Londoner—the providing him with beef and poultry and fish, though in the wide open space upon which the market-house looks men once were martyred for their faith, and for many long years London crowds flocked to the famous St. Bartholomew's Fair, as they go now to the exhibitions of West Kensington and the Shows of Olympia But

The Church Jealously Hides Itself

from all the bustle and life of the great market. One of its attractions is the certainty that most of the people who pass up and down in front of it do not even know that there is a church hidden away behind a row of very unobtrusive houses, and this certainty gives you a feeling of possession as you enter the little enclosure. A house has long since been built over

The Entrance Gate,

which seems to be trying its best to recede out of sight. If you have never been here before, you must look twice before you see the Early English arches and the cross which proclaims the holy character of the precincts.

Beyond the gate you find yourself in a shabby little square, filled by an old graveyard, which only leaves space for a narrow walk, much below its level, leading to the church door, under the tower. This tower is of red brick, blackened by smoke, and decidedly the worse for wear, especially about its windows, which look as if they might fall out without a moment's notice. The west front is singularly shabby and unimpressive, for directly in front of it the burying-ground rises several feet, cutting off whatever effect of height it may once have had.

A homely air pervades the enclosure, for to the north of the graveyard, rising directly from it, are the gabled backs of a row of old houses, from the windows of which you are usually apt to see a week's wash dangling high above the graves. They front upon

Cloth Fair,

one of the most perfect bits of the real old London left; a narrow street, winding between gables and overhanging storeys, one of the lanes which Irving describes, containing many small houses, not on a grand style, "but, like your small ancient gentry, sturdily maintaining their claims to equal antiquity; these have their gable ends to the street, great bow windows, with diamond panes set in lead, grotesque carvings, and low arched doorways." I regret to say that on the day of my visit I found a row of the shabbiest deserted, and with a high board fence in front. I know what that means, and I fear I have looked my last upon them.

Cloth Fair hides the side of the church as effectually as Smithfield conceals its front. There never was a church so entirely built around, and overgrown, not with ivy, but with houses. These, indeed, had obtruded so upon it that the end of one workshop had made its way into the choir. The greater part of this overgrowth has been uprooted and torn away in the late restorations, and I, for my part, am sorry. They were not beautiful, but they, at least, had a picturesque historical value, like the little cheap restaurants and blacksmiths' shops that have been built into the arches of the great Theatre of Marcellus at Rome.

ENTRANCE TO ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S CHURCH, WEST SMITHFIELD.

I have been a long time in getting into the church. But you do not really see St. Bartholomew's unless you

Linger on its Threshold,

and wander through the queer old-fashioned corner in which it is buried. In its exterior and quaint surroundings lies half its charm; and, because of its unquestionable shabbiness and architectural unpretentiousness without, you are all the more struck, when you finally step within, with the solemn beauty of the Norman nave and choir, old as Rahere, the founder of the church and the near hospital, who for more than seven hundred years has been at rest in the holy place he built. I must present you with an Engraving of the interior next week.

P.S.—I have received a courteous note from Mr. S. Rinant, landlord of the Old White Hart Inn, 63, Boro' High-street. Commenting on my gossip last week respecting the ancient Borough Inns, he claims that the Old White Hart was undoubtedly the meeting-place of Sam Weller and Mr. Pickwick, and adds that the old galleries of the inn were standing as recently as last August, when they were demolished to build a Hop Show Room. RAMBLER.

The total amount of Brazilian Government stock held in England in 1885 was £18,000,000. Advances on railways, telegraphs, &c., bring Brazilian indebtedness to the English creditor up to £50,000,000.

The bedstead which the German Emperor and Empress occupied during their visit to the Sultan was of solid silver, with Oriental curtains of surpassing richness, heavily embroidered with gold.

WASHABLE TRUSSES.—MR. C. B. HARNESS' XYLONITE TRUSSES and other hernia appliances are made to suit every form of rupture. Sufferers should call, if possible, at the Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford-street, London, W. (corner of Rathbone-place), where they can be examined free by an experienced English Surgeon. Note the address, as above, and avoid foreign quacks, who profess impossibilities.—[ADVT.]

OUR SPECIAL ROVER'S TRIP TO IRELAND.

IN WILD DONEGAL.—II.

The Ruin of it All.

The first impression that a stranger gets of Ireland, and especially of those wilder parts of it where my most interesting experiences were gathered, is the strange unsettlement, the topsy-turveydom, and yet the dejection and ruin of it all. I think the most melancholy sight in the world is that of an Irish city. The long white, silent street, the sentry-like pacing of the armed police, the bare-footed peasants creeping out of the slums which always hang on the outskirts, the sight of abandoned factory and ruined hovel—these are the landmarks that tell the story of Ireland's desolation. The country reminds you now of an old battle-ground, now of a district through which the plague has swept, driving life and motion away from the abodes of men. The former idea is gathered from a drive through the Olphert estate. In some parts—notably near Gortahork—the eye may travel all round a vast extent of mountain, bog, valley, and sea-coast, and fail to light on a single inhabited dwelling.

Deserted Homes.

There are huts where tenants once were, but they are either deserted or are in ruins. The most extraordinary sight is the series of "forts," as they are called, from the desperate resistance to eviction organised by about thirty of the most determined peasants in the district. Nearly all these men are in prison, or have recently left it, one having died shortly after his release. The crown of all the resistances was at O'Donnell's fort. O'Donnell was a blacksmith of Gortahork, and he had a house and smithy facing the roadway. He had almost built it up inside with stones, till it was practically impregnable even to the battering-ram. I was told that if they had had time the peasants had meant to pad the walls with wool, so as to prevent the bullets from rebounding. Holes were made in the roof, and men stationed at them with piles of stones ready to their hands. The siege lasted all day, and was of the most desperate character. The defenders were only thirteen in number, but they beat back a force of 200 soldiers and police. The magistrate read the Riot Act over and over again, but as soon as he came to the concluding words, "God Save the Queen!" the defenders answered with a defiant shout of

"God Save Ireland!"

and a stave of some patriotic melody. One man whom I saw at an eviction, and who was certainly one of the finest specimens of muscular humanity I ever set eyes on, kept nine emergency men and policemen at bay with well-directed showers of stones. At length the resident magistrate lost patience, and ordered the troops to load. The rifles were at the present, and in another moment many lives must have been sacrificed, when Father Stephens rushed into the forge and persuaded the defenders—with some difficulty—to surrender. To-day the scene of the battle is marked by a tumbled heap of ruins, and also by a new forge, by the side of the old, which the people of the district have built for O'Donnell by the time that he comes out of jail. But oh! the waste and pity of it!

The Peasants

who are thus engaged in this bitter struggle are men of good character—not one of them, I was

CLOTH FAIR, IN THE CITY OF LONDON.

IN WILD DONEGAL: TYPICAL GROUP OF PEASANTRY.

told, had been known to the police for bad conduct—and in many respects were the flower of the parish. Yet there is a chance that all this vast and lovely district will soon be turned into sheep-runs, and will lose the brave men and soft-eyed, soft-voiced women, with their bright shawls and shy looks, who now adorn these wild hills and wilder coast. I don't propose to talk politics here, but none of us—be we Unionists or Gladstonians—will care to see a result like this.

A Strange Island.

Everywhere, indeed, the same kind of topsy-turvydom prevails. There, for instance, is Tory Island, lying out four miles from the mainland, guarded by a wild, irregular rampart of fantastically carved rocks. It is a strange place. So uncertain are the seas and so sudden the storms that gather, that you may cross some fine afternoon, when the purple-blue Atlantic is as calm as a child at sleep, and next day find between you and Ireland a raging strait which will keep you a prisoner for three months at a time. In winter, indeed, crossings are few and far between. The internal government of the island is as strange as its situation. It is all in the hands of one landlord, who has got no rents — where rent is to be got out of those barren rocks one doesn't quite see—for the last ten years. But not only do the people pay no rents, but they are opposed to rates and taxes as well—and for a very curious reason. They regard their island as an independent country. Ireland is a mere speck in the ocean compared with it.

They Have Elected a "King,"

and to him they refer all disputes, the courts never being applied to. Nor will they brook any interference. The landlord is not likely to evict, because the dangers of the passage are so great. A clerk of the court who went over to try and induce the people to pay county cess had a curious reception. At first he was disposed to try sharp means. He was then stripped and thrown into his boat with his clothes thrown after him. A second time he tried milder methods, and reasoned with the people. The "king" was summoned, and the clerk tried to convince him that it was the duty of his subjects to contribute to the expense of roads. "But we made our own roads," replied the king. Then there were the roads in the mainland, which you use when you come over. "Oh," replied the king, "that is a different country altogether; you might as well ask the Shetlanders to pay for your roads because they sometimes visit Ireland." And the king shook his head gravely, while the poor servant of the law departed crestfallen, and never came back again.

Whisky-Drinking.

In smaller ways the hopeless kind of muddle that goes on in Ireland appears. There is no doubt a good deal too much whisky-drinking among the men of Erin. Want of employment and capital—the paralysis which has befallen life, especially in the towns—accounts for a good deal of this, and also the bad custom under which grocers' and general dealers' shops are allowed licenses. Under these circumstances every other store or so is a drinking-den, and the temptation to that "little half-one," as a small whisky is called, is greater even than in our drink-ridden London. The worst of all the drinking districts is Ulster, and the worst place in Ulster is, curiously enough, prosperous and busy Belfast; but the evil is spread all over both Catholic and Protestant Ireland. Thus the manufacture of "potheen," or illicit whisky, mere poison which is drunk warm and reeking from the stills, still goes on. For instance, while the police were away at the Falcarragh evictions, I was told that nearly the whole population in the wild country between Dunfanaghy and Letterkenny set to making potheen. It was just the fun of it—the dodging of the "peelers." As for the

Backwardness of the County

from a commercial point of view, that is remarkable. The railways, especially the northern line, are very bad. There is one phenomenal Irish railway that drags its slow length along from Letterkenny to Londonderry. It is bankrupt, and sometimes the carriages are liable to be seized (on the journey) for payment of the company's debts. The distance between the two places is sixteen miles, and it took me about an hour and a half to traverse it. If I had wanted to get out between any of the stations I could have done so by asking the guard. I don't know how many stations we stopped at—there seemed to be about three dozen—but, after we had been stumbling along for nearly an hour, we came to a roundish hill that looked not three miles distant. "Behind that hill is Derry," said one of my travelling companions. When we started we went in the opposite direction to the hill, and gradually got farther and farther away from it till it vanished altogether. After making a tremendous détour, in the course of which I fell asleep in the act of counting the stations, we arrived. The particular line to which I refer is perhaps an extreme illustration of Irish railways, but still it is not altogether without its characteristic features.

H. W. M.

CYCLE & CAMERA

I was passing St. James's Park a day or two ago, and stopped to have a talk with one of the keepers about the new right of way over

Constitution-Hill.

He told me that cyclists now had as much right there as hansom-drivers. Unfortunately I was on foot at the time, and I have not since passed on my machine to test, in the only practical way, the truth of his assertion. Cyclists riding in that direction would do well to try for themselves, and boldly ride over what we have hitherto supposed to be forbidden ground. If my keeper was wrong, the worst that can happen to them is to be turned back.

The Cyclists' Club-House

scheme is again being talked about in London, and it looks as if something might come of it. The idea is good, and deserves to be realised. The only objection raised is a purely social one. Class feeling or snobbery, whichever you choose to call it, is felt to be against it. But this is a trouble which would probably right itself. And there are so many great advantages to be considered that mere class prejudice should not be allowed to stand in the way. As *Wheeling* suggests, if such a club-house could be used for the innumerable entertainments given by cyclists during the winter months, a good income would be thus secured; though these, of course, should not in any way interfere with, or intrude upon, the social life of the club.

Women who Cycle

are just now receiving a fair share of attention in the cycling world. A Mr. H. G. Rouse of Peoria, U.S.A., has just issued a pamphlet for their benefit called "Hints to Lady Cyclers"—cyclists are cyclers in America—but it has not yet, as far as I can find out, crossed the ocean. Still more useful, should it prove entirely successful, is Mr. Whitgreaves's Safety attachment—a small wheel, attached to the near wheel of the Safety bicycle, which can be ingeniously kept out of the way when not wanted, and as ingeniously dropped nearly level with the ground so as to keep the machine stationary. This, as can at once be seen, does away with the great difficulty attending a woman's mounting and dismounting—a difficulty which has had something to do with the fact that Safeties have not even yet become as popular among women as was expected. Skirts are fearfully in the way in running and jumping on a Safety. I have heard of women riding in knickerbockers, but the Safety attachment will be as much of a help to them as knickerbockers, and will have the advantage of not being in the least conspicuous. It is to be hoped that it will be speedily brought to perfection.

Now that cycling is being made easy for women, they should but appreciate all the more the energy and courage of those among them who first went in for the sport. I publish this week a photograph of

Mrs. J. S. Smith,

one of the pioneers. To those who know her, it would not be natural to see her on a machine without her husband, with whom she has raced and ridden so many miles. Mr. Smith is the manufacturer of the well-known Invincible, a machine which their riding has unque-tionably done much to advertise. Together they have raced, on their tandem, so that, after all, the American racing women who have been going the rounds of the country are not the first seen here on the track, and they have ridden in road races, and are always ready to race anyone on the Ripley-road, where they and their tandem are as familiar figures as Major Knox Holmes and his little granddaughter, or any of the lights of the Ripley-road Club.

As a result, they have held many records. Nor have they limited their riding to this country: they have cycled in Holland and other parts of the Continent, and they have toured in England for pleasure, without a thought of racing or records.

Mrs. Smith rides very well

as a natural consequence of her long and constant training, and on the much-disputed question of cycling dress for women I think she could give some very rational and practical tips. I am sure she would agree with Violet Lorne in advocating a loose bodice and loose clothes generally for riding purposes. It is quite certain that in the matter of costume women are seriously handicapped, not only by their skirts.

Mrs. Smith's reputation is not confined to the cycling world. Not so long ago she was interviewed, and certainly she is an excellent example of the athletic woman. Mr. Smith is always well in evidence at the Stanley Shows, where you are as sure to find him as on the Ripley-road.

I see that Hillman, Herbert, and Cooper have had an order from the Government for twenty-five of their model F. Premiers for military purposes. Like the Singers, they have been actively interested in military cycling since the very first.

N. C. U.

SOCIABLE CYCLISTS: MR. AND MRS. J. S. SMITH.

FUN AND FANCY.

AN UNLUCKY NUMBER.

"There, darling, the last one," as he started down the steps.

He had nearly reached the gate when she called him back.

"I've just been counting up," she said, "and that last kiss we took was the thirteenth, and that is an awful unlucky number, you know."

When he finally got away the score was thirty-seven.

SOMETHING DEARER.

"Tell me, George, darling," said she, shortly after their marriage, "do you love me as much as ever?" "Yes, indeed." "And do you find anything in the world dearer than your wife?" "Nothing," said George, "unless it is the house rent."

THE RISING GENERATION.

"Little boy, do you understand what is meant by energy and enterprise?" "No, pa, I don't think I do." "Well, I will tell you: that one of the richest men came here without a shirt on his back, and now he has got millions." "Millions! How many does he put on at a time, pa?"

Parent: "Who is the laziest boy in your class, Johnny?" Johnny: "I dunno." Parent: "I should think you would know. When all the others are industriously writing or studying their lessons, who is he who sits idly in his seat and watches the rest, instead of working himself?" Johnny: "The teacher."

FRICTIONS OF LIFE.

"Can't you give a man a little room?" said a stout old gentleman to a man who seemed to be in his way in getting off a South London tram-car.

"Of course, I could give *a man* room," said the person addressed, "but I am not expected to make way for any old behemoth of the forest. Go off and reduce some of the surplus, you old blubber, and don't be smashing people's toes here like a load of gravel!"

The stout old man hurried away. The aggrieved person on the car, in a loud voice, called attention to "the gait of it," and the stout man, being unable longer to stand the abuse of the other, turned and called, in a passion, after the moving car—

"Bring back that fragment, that dot, that speck, that molecule, and I'll brush the thing off the face of the earth!"

But the car was a hundred yards away; and the earth is still encumbered with both the molecule and the fat man, and will be till they meet again.

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A MAHOMMEDAN MUNCHI DURING THE GREAT MOHURRAM FESTIVAL and ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."

"Station Staff Office, Surat, Oct. 3, 1889.—Sir,—It may interest you to know the effect of your Eno's 'Fruit Salt' on a Munchi in this city. He had never heard of it, and was complaining of pains in the head from effects of over-eating at the 'Mohurram Festival,' so I told him to take a bottle from me, and he did. The day after his pains were gone, and he had given the whole bottle to his family, who said they felt different people. He now swears by it, and has advised all the other Mahommedans in this city to take it, *and they have actually taken to it* as a usual thing now. He is so pleased with it that he takes about half a bottle a week.—I am, Sir, yours truly, "A Lieutenant."

The Value of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" cannot be told. Its success in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, and New Zealand proves it.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless and occasionally a poisonous imitation. Sold by all Chemists.

Prepared only at Eno's "Fruit Salt" Works, London, S.E., by J. C. Eno's Patent.

REMARKABLE LETTER! The following letter appeared in THE BICYCLING NEWS for Jan. 12, 1889:—

A NEW CLOTH FOR LADIES' DRESSES.

"Sir,—When one finds out a really good thing they ought to let others share in the secret. 'Bicycling News' is a practical illustration of this theory, so I send the following, not only for your lady readers, but the sterner sex also. A short time since Mr. Lutas Leathley, Armley, Leeds, Yorkshire, sent me some patterns of cloth, with the information that a dress-length of six yards, fifty inches wide, would be sent for 10s. 6d. The cloth looked so good, and the price being so trivial, I sent for a length, had it made tailor-wise, for which there was ample and to spare, and then waited to try it in a good downpour of rain. I had not long to wait—Jupiter Pluvius, as usual, began to empty his watering pots, and out I went. Next day, when the dress was dry, I examined it. Not one spot, and no shrinking: so I think that speaks well for the cloth. This cloth is made in all the new shades, the very light ones being subdued by almost invisible threads woven in the wool. It is very soft, just suitable for the clinging dresses now so much worn. It falls in most graceful folds, and equals a tailor-made gown at five guineas, if made well by the dressmaker. Yesterday a friend called, and compared her dress (for which she paid three shillings and twopence a yard) with mine. Mine was superior. She had tried hers in rain—unfortunately for her. It had actually shrunk two inches, and she had to buy material to lengthen it. She liked my dress so much that by this time I have no doubt there is an order from her and her daughter to Armley. The cloth is suitable for hard wear, and would answer well for gentlemen's unlined coats, the dark greys and navy blue being the best for that purpose. It would be admirable for a tricycle dress, and for home and walking wear equally suitable. Children's dresses, too, both boys' and girls', could be made of it with entire satisfaction. I hope some of your readers will try it, if only to endorse my opinion, which I know they will do when they find out how good the fabric is. I have no interest in the firm whatever; but, having found a good thing, and sent for it, I want your readers to 'go and do likewise.'"

Patterns of these wonderful Cloths, in all the New Colours for Winter wear, will be sent, post-free, to any address, on application. Write at once.—LUTAS P. LEATHLEY and CO., Dress Warehouse, Armley, Leeds.

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LEVER WATCHES—LEVER WATCHES. WHY go to large shops and pay five guineas, when you can buy the same with a five-years warranty for Two Guineas? Sent on approval post-free.—BENNETT, Practical Maker and Valuer to the Trade, Mitcham, Surrey.

CLOCKS—IN BANKRUPTCY—CLOCKS. 500 LARGE MARBLE CLOCKS, variegated pillars, gold lines, going 15 days, 15s. 6d. each. Any sent on approval, with five years' warranty.—BENNETT, Accountant, Mitcham, Surrey.

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To readers of "The Penny Illustrated Paper," this week, sent carriage free on receipt of amount, or cash will be returned if not satisfied. Satisfaction guaranteed. Cheques and P.O.s payable to F. HODGSON, Woodsley-road, Leeds. Mention this Paper.

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Forms of application, rates of passage, handbooks, and all other information may be obtained on application to THE AGENT-GENERAL FOR QUEENSLAND, Westminster Chambers, 1, Victoria-street, London, S.W.

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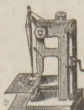

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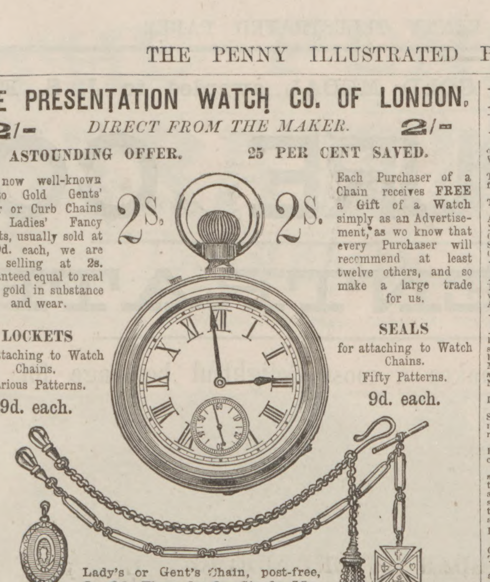

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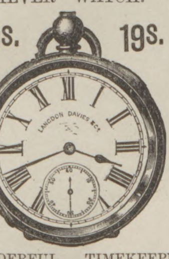

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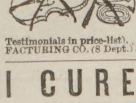

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